

THE SPIRIT
OF THE AGE
JOHN T. BAKER



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THE
SPIRIT OF THE AGE

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

JOHN T. BODDY

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PRELUDE

Fragments of passing thought;
Welcome although unsought,
Which some strange power hath wrought
 Into my willing heart:
Gleams which the soul hath caught
Of truth with sweetness fraught,
And stored within a mind untaught
 In the poetic art.



P R E F A C E

Having for some years been urged by friends, from time to time, to give the lines composing this volume a wider circulation, the writer in yielding to these solicitations now offers them in their present form to the public (it having been providentially made possible), and trust that, defective though they be, they may convey a measure of light, encouragement and comfort to those whose pathway they may cross. And to all lovers of truth is this volume hereby tenderly dedicated by the author.

JOHN T. BODDY.



THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Looking backward through the ages ;
 To the earliest days of man,
Scanning o'er life's blotted pages,
 Since his course on earth began.

What has history unfolded,
 But a record red with crime?
And, as ever, we behold it,
 Keeping even pace with time.

Since the first pure life was smitten,
 What a crimson line we trace?
Blood and tears have surely written,
 Failure! on the human race.

Reading upward to the present,
 Where is any room for pride—
Facing facts the most unpleasant,
 We can neither change nor hide?

God's sad verdict, true forever—
 “Hard of heart and stiff of neck!”
Sinful—though exceeding clever—
 Man is but a noble wreck!

He who was at first created,
 With dominion over all,
Hath been left, by sin belated—
 Marred and weakened by the fall.

A majestic power and presence,
Seems to mark him good and true ;
But within his moral essence,
Lurks the demon nature too.

Ever wayward and unheedful!
He who knows the heart within,
Calls it wicked and deceitful ;
Fountain of the vilest sin.

With self-righteousness abounding—
Where a brood of follies dwell—
Men with confidence astounding,
Still assert that all is well.

But these rags of seeming virtue,
Which, with borrowed lustre shine,
Will expose, and disconcert you,
Be their texture e'er so fine.

All are on the same sad level ;
Sin hath made the wisest blind :
Some in grossest evils revel—
Others choose the more refined.

Some the better things are choosing,
But ignoring still the best,
Are the light of life refusing,
And are never truly blessed.

Yet with sentimental notions,
Worship they, with saintly air ;
Blinded by their false devotions ;
Mocking God with soulless prayer.

Every art their pathway gilding—
See them as they bow to-day,
At the shrines of their own building,
Scattered thick along the way.

Earthly pomp, and fading splendor,
Win the hearts that choose to see,
Nothing in the sweet and tender
Worship of humility.

False beliefs around us gather,
And the thoughtless throngs adore,
Some grand mass or pageant rather
Than the things that count for more..

Leaning on the arm of Culture,
See a thousand falsehoods spread;
Error, preying like a vulture,
On the spiritually dead.

E'en in boasted halls of learning,
Men—who more like demons seem—
Every code of morals spurning—
Bruitish to the last extreme!

Are presenting, in some features,
Such a reckless scorn of right,
They outdo the vilest creatures—
Sinning 'gainst superior light.

What a sore and sad reflection
On the greatness of mankind,
To observe in this connection
Such diversities combined!

Others walk in willful blindness,
From the earliest days of youth,
Filled with nothing but unkindness,
And a hatred of the truth.

What though outward good increaseth,
Right hath but a feeble hold,
And the wrong that never ceaseth,
Groweth ever strong and bold.

Till iniquity abounding,
(As the Lord declared it would),
All their prophecies confounding,
That predicted only good.

Deeds of crime, the most revolting,
Daily grow and multiply,
While false teachers are exalting,
Human virtues to the sky.

Yet a subtle power of evil—
Let men doubt it if they will—
Charged by Scripture to the devil,
Is forever working ill.

A corrupting, active leaven,
(For there is no other kind)
Posing in the guise of heaven—
Puffing up the carnal mind.

And a look below the surface,
Will reveal, in every stage,
Naught but selfishness of purpose,
In this present boasted age.

In the highest walks discerning,
Signs that mark the serpent's trail;
Yet no blush of shame is burning,
Where the deepest wrongs prevail.

Notwithstanding sin grows rampant,
And the blackest crimes increase,
Human ardor is not dampened,
And man's efforts never cease,

After that ideal condition,
For the which they plan and scheme;
Striving for the full fruition,
Of their optimistic dream.

Human self-reliance mocketh,
At the one true source of light;
Yet 'tis not in man that walketh,
To direct his steps aright.

And deceived are we in thinking,
We can shape a wise career,
While from founts of folly drinking,
With the wells of God so near.

Trusting in our own resources,
Is the weakness of mankind;
Flattered by the smooth discourses,
Of "blind leaders of the blind."

Over confident we venture,
On the pathways yet untried;
Quick to cast the stone of censure—
Daring others to deride.

While our own great lack ignoring,
 We are careful to descry, *
In our limited exploring,
 Motes within another's eye.

Be not loud in condemnation—
 All by nature are the same!
For ourselves no commendation,
 And for those around no blame.

Till from out our moral vision,
 The obstructing beam we cast,
That a true and just decision,
 May by us be meekly passed.

We may fail like some before us;
 Beat the air, and moan and die;
Wailing out a dismal chorus,
 'Neath a cold, unfriendly sky.

God forbid that we should measure,
 By a standard of our own;
For the whole truth we must treasure,
 And be judged by that alone.

Sin-bound vassal, cease thy vaunting!
 Smite thy brow, and kiss the dust!
For the Lord hath found thee wanting;
 Weighed within His balance just.

Let us face this truthful picture,
 And acknowledge it as ours,
And accept each lawful stricture,
 Placed upon our wayward powers.

Though the curse on all is resting,
Dregs of splendor yet remain,
'Gainst the tide of ills contesting,
But contending all in vain.

We have lost our Eden blessing,
And we weep without the gate,
With our guilt upon us pressing,
With an overwhelming weight.

And we cannot lift the pressure,
From the hearts and brains of men,
By the loftiest human measure,
Or the might of sword or pen.

We may spurn the ancient story;
But its truth is manifest,
And we cannot by vain glory,
Reach the highest and the best.

Let us know it; once, forever!
We were bought by blood alone,
And our worthiest deeds can never,
For one guilty act atone.

Self-redemption! Vain delusion!
Based upon Satanic lies;
Turn from such a false conclusion
Though the world thy course despise!

Never for a moment cherish,
Such an uninspiring thought,
Or a hope, so sure to perish,
With the things that come to naught.

For the world is so deceptive,
That its seeming good allures,
Blinding hearts to sin receptive,
To the blessing that endures.

Of its progress loudly prating.
And material success,
Ever vainly legislating,
To ameliorate distress.

Rearing still its Tower of Babel,
Strength with weakness is combined ;
Leaving mortals all unable,
To subdue the carnal mind.

Building on the old foundations,
Rooted only in decay,
Lured by base considerations ;
Growing weaker day by day.

Trusting in self-made religions,
Reckoned true and good and great ;
Leaning on the weak decisions,
Of its preachers up to date.

Dealing sop to human nature ;
Making blind eyes doubly blind,
And by schemes of legislature,
Hoping to uplift mankind.

Universal peace proclaiming,
When there are no signs of peace ;
Jealousy each power inflaming,,
As their armaments increase.

With a self-sufficient manner,
 Waving off the pending doom;
Holding up for truth a banner,
 Woven in Deception's loom.

Every nation is a braggart,
 Sending forth bombastic claims;
Ready with the sword and faggot,
 To advance their selfish aims.

See these boastful, bold aspirants,
 For the foremost place contend,
Counting all their neighbors tyrants—
 They alone are freedom's friend.

Martial airs, and anthems ringing,
 In the path where glory leads,
While the thoughtless throngs are singing,
 Songs extolling bloody deeds.

There's a wave of deep commotion,
 Sweeping over every land,
Like the wind-tossed, troubled ocean,
 Breaking on a rocky strand.

Moral ulcers sap the nations,
 Eating out their very life—
Cancerous spots, whose depredations,
 Yield not to the legal knife.

How can godless corporations,
 With their heartless love of greed,
By corrupt administrations,
 Give the masses what they need?

Where the serpent's fangs have entered,
There are wounds that never heal,
Which the haughty world, self-centered,
Cannot with a smile conceal.

In its sad and doomed condition,
We may patch, but not restore—
Snatch a few souls from perdition,
And its awful fate deplore.

Like Belshazzar, madly drinking,
From the chalices of God,
It is into ruin sinking,
While its votaries applaud.

From a state almost chaotic—
When the facts are understood—
May arise reforms spasmodic,
Bringing temporary good.

But their power is never lasting,
And reveals their feeble source—
Not a thorough overturning—
But a weak display of force.

See the temple—swept and garnished!
But the keener eyes discern,
Just the old conditions varnished;
And the evil days return.

Zeal within new leaders burning—
Helpless to abate the curse—
See the former guest returning
Bringing seven devils worse.

Where is then the world's redemption?
Surely not in things we see,
Which have failed to bring exemption,
From its pangs of misery.

It may boast its onward marches;
Sound its blazoned trump abroad;
Shouting, 'neath its crumbling arches,
Treason in the face of God!

All its glory is but glitter,
And the glamour of decay!
Just a faint display of splendor,
That in darkness dies away!

Wise are they whose hearts refuse it,
And its meaner joys forego,
Leaving it to those who choose it,
With all transient good below.

We should neither court nor love it,
For its ways are dark and broad:
He who doth its friendship covet,
Cannot be the friend of God!

Be ye not conformed unto it,
Is the strict and plain command;
But with hearts renewed, walk through it—
Live like pilgrims in the land!

In its scenes, and yet not of it—
Like our Lord, when He was here—
Living in it, but above it;
In a holier atmosphere.

O, how few have been the number,
 Since the world was in its youth,
Who, when roused from sinful slumber,
 Stood for righteousness and truth?

Here and there we trace exceptions,
 Since lone Enoch walked with God—
Souls who braved the world's objections,
 And a heavenly pathway trod,

Reach in time the wise conclusion,
 That the word of God is true;
And escape the world's confusion,
 Ever seeking something new.

Not by moral evolution,
 Will lost Eden be restored;
But by mighty revolution,
 With the coming of the Lord!

On the air false notes are swelling,
 Through the world's distracting hum,
Of a "larger Christ" fortelling—
 Claiming many Christs have come.

This same Jesus, who went from us,
 In like manner shall return!
Stand upon this blessed promise;
 Let its truth within you burn!

Not a "larger!" Not another!
 But the same in greater power!
He who is our Elder brother,
 Is the Christ of every hour!

O, be patient then my brothers!
For relief is drawing nigh;
He who loves above all others,
Is returning from the sky!

As the only known solution,
Of the mystery of life,
The destroyer of pollution,
And the vanquisher of strife.

Take Thy throne and rule the nations,
As Thou dost in hearts to-day,
Ending all life's tribulations,
By Thy universal sway!

THE SONG OF THE SOUL

Had I a voice for singing,
And a wealth of words possessed,
There's a song within me ringing,
That can never be expressed.

It was written for my keeping
By the finger of the Lord,
Who has changed to joy my weeping,
Through the comfort of His word.

How its presence stills the hurry,
And restrains the rising sigh!
How it keeps the soul from worry
When the shadows on it lie!

No other song could win me
From the rapture and control,
Of the music born within me,
Which is sweeter to my soul.

O strains of richest sweetness,
Thy hallowed notes prolong!
Impart thine own completeness,
And make my life a song!

ALL FOR JESUS

Lord of my life, whose gentle voice,
Hath called me out of Nature's night,
In Thy great love I now rejoice,
And serve Thee with supreme delight.

Thy Spirit's power has conquered sin,
And grace my every need supplies;
While Thy sweet presence dwells within,
And fully saves and satisfies.

My singing soul, though rough the way,
Would gladly walk with Thee alone;
Content to view Thy smile each day,
And claim no goodness of its own.

Lead through the vale, I care not where!
I know Thou canst but lead aright;
And when Thy voice shall call me there,
Thy lamp of truth my path shall light.

And since this walk with Thee, my Lord,
Is mine, and evermore may be,
No friendship can this world afford,
Compared to fellowship with Thee!

THE SPIRIT'S PLEADINGS

How tender are the wooings of that love,
That calls us from a life of sin,
To walk with Christ in white, above
This dark world's strife and din.

More gentle than the South wind's breath,
The Spirit's pleadings come,
To lure us from the courts of death,
To an eternal home.

KEPT

Jesus holds me in His keeping,
Since I came to Him for rest;
From the tumult and the weeping,
That prevailed within my breast.

Ever with me, and around me;
Living in my heart to-day;
Leading, since His Spirit found me—
Gently leading, all the way!

No good thing hath He denied me,
 Since I've leaned on Him alone;
And I know He still will guide me,
 Through the pathways yet unknown.

Precious friend—forsaking never!
 Closer still, as life wears on;
Standing by our side forever,
 When our nearest friends are gone!

Though the world may coldly treat Him,
 And resist His pleading voice,
He who calls me out to meet Him,
 Is my heart's supremest choice.

ACCEPTABLE PRAISE

If love and truth could be at strife,
 My soul would cease to soar,
And crush the song that pleads for life,
 And sing it nevermore!

But truth and love dwell not apart;
 But both in God unite,
Who makes His home in every heart,
 That turns to Him for light.

Where He may wake a song of praise,
 And lift the soul above,
The transient joys and meaner lays,
 That do not spring from love.

And nature's voice, when understood,
Doth this sweet fact proclaim:
That all things beautiful and good,
Are anthems to His name.

And we, when love becomes the theme,
By which our praise is moved,
May humbly live and sing for Him,
And have our songs approved.

THE HIDDEN LIFE

There is a life, a blessed life!
Deep hidden in the soul;
Where God has put an end to strife,
Through Love's divine control.

Where fears and doubts, and passions cease,
And nothing doth annoy;
Where every breath is filled with peace,
And every note is joy.

Where God's free Spirit rules and guides
In righteousness and truth,
And evermore within abides,
The source of endless youth.

Revealing Christ and holy things,
In light and power divine,
Till all the soul in rapture sings:—
"This Lord of all is mine!"

Till peace becomes the one pursuit,
With heart made free from care;
While love, and its companion fruit,
Are found in fullness there.

Though pilgrims in the earth abroad,
We know we cannot die!
Our life is in the life of God,
Our home is in the sky!

THE LIFE DIVINE

A light upon my pathway broke,
From some diviner shore,
And in my heart a strain awoke,
It ne'er had heard before.

And in that light was life revealed,
And in that strain was heard
A voice that to my heart appealed,
And all my being stirred.

Which spoke in tenderest tones to me,
The words that made me whole;
Imparting life that set me free,
With music in my soul.

Inspiring hopes that called me up,
Where faith outreaching drew,
A solace from Love's hallowed cup,
As deep as it was true.

And still that light is shining clear ;
That strain is just as sweet,
And evermore that voice I hear,
Those tones of love repeat !

Sweet strain that in my heart awoke,
I love thee, more and more !
And bless the light that o'er me broke,
From yon diviner shore !

P O W E R

To God alone belongeth power ;
But power in mercy shown,
And death would wrap the world this hour
If He should cease in love to shower
His blessings from the throne.

W A I T I N G

The strong affections of my soul are centered—
Not in the things that men call good or great ;
But deep within the veil, where Christ hath entered,
I fix my hopes, and calmly watch and wait,
To hear His welcome footsteps, now returning,
Down through the pathway of the closing years ;
And hail the Lord, for whom my heart is yearning,
To end this reign of darkness, blood and tears.

EDDYISM

"A GOSPEL OF NOTHINGNESS"

*"What is mind?—No matter!
What is matter?—Never Mind!"*

There's good alone, in all we see,
Though otherwise it seems,
And sin, e'er long, will cease to be
A menace to our dreams.

There is no death; there is no grave;
There is no hell to shun;
No trials or conflicts here to brave,
Nor victories to be won.

No evil smirch can we sustain—
Our senses are deceived;
Since there is neither ill nor pain,
From which to be relieved.

In fact, no senses now, nor sense,
Do we, at all, possess;
For nothing is but mind, from whence,
Can flow no dire distress.

Things are not, though we think they are,
Till we have learned to see,
No contrasts here exist, to mar,
Life's sweet monotony.

E'en God—be it now understood—
Is but a moral myth;
Mere abstract principle of good—
Too vague to grapple with.

Yet we're assured that he must be,
(Though ever undefined
And void of personality),
The great Immortal Mind.

And he—or it—is all there is,
And naught exists beside:
O, what monopolistic bliss,
Through ages thus to hide!

And we, the shadow of this "It,"
Are kept in perfect health,
While at its phantom feet we sit,
And revel in our wealth.

Thus safely from ourselves concealed,
It's difficult to see,
How such deep things can be revealed,
To a nonentity.

Of course, no contradiction this,
Though Greek to those untrained;
When something *is not*, when it *is*,
Can be, at last, explained.

But logic which is so profound,
Puts reason out of joint;
Yet we a query would propound,
At this important point.

If nothing in the world exists,
Outside this mystic mind,
What is it, pray, that still persists
In seeing when it's blind?

And we're assured emphatically,
That mortal mind's the foe,
That opes the door for error's plea,
And fancies things are so.

But mortal mind's an error too,
From which all error springs,
Which, though delusive yet can do,
The most surprising things.

Yet still the mental sky looks blurred,
For no clear light is gained,
Through this explanatory word,
Which needs to be *explained*.

If mortal mind an error is,
Yet error can conceive,
A dream may dream a dream like this,
Some dreamers now believe.

But please explain how this is so,
When you have just consigned
All things conceived, to naught, you know,
Outside Immortal Mind?

If nothing can of nothing think,
Yet think an error true,
Think it not strange that some should shrink,
From thoughts they think are new.

How inconceivable to deem,
That all we see and feel,
Is unsubstantial as a dream,
And naught that is is real!

It fills us with perplexity,
How nothing comes to know,
That things can be and yet not be,
And really think them so.

Like noiseless echos plainly heard,
Through some unfathomed laws,
Speaking to drumless ears the word,
That tells their causeless cause.

Or shadows from a shadow cast,
Where shines no ray of light,
Which seems to hold the vision fast,
Without the power of sight.

It may seem bold for us to doubt,
But these strange things we've heard,
Have turned our logic inside-out,
And made it look absurd.

So you will bear with us, I trust—
Who long for truth have sought—
If now and then we feel we must
Intrude our feeble thought.

And we'll be pardoned, I presume,
If we should here inquire:
If light and heat—as some assume—
Still emanate from fire?

But then, there is no fire to burn—
A thing I quite forgot—
And nothing to ignite, we learn,
In this new field of thought.

Where nothing has a solemn time,
Controlling its affairs,
But undertakes the task sublime,
And “gets there” unawares.

We reason in a circle thus,
But never reason through;
For how can nothing aught discuss,
Or nothing something do?

All avenues through which to gain
A knowledge from without,
Are reckoned useless, and in vain,
We struggle with our doubt.

Bereft likewise of power of choice,
On life's unfathomed sea,
Must we say yes to this strange voice,
And bow to her decree?

This crowning error of the age
Which every fact denies,
While posing on the world's broad stage,
As wisdom in disguise?

And with the old-time standards gone,
By which we judged before,
Take this new light, to lead us on
To sweet Oblivion's shore?

Which Theosophic goal is reached,
Just in a single bound,
Through this new gospel, lately preached,
Our wisdom to confound.

When we resolve the whole thing o'er,
Or seek the aid of men,
We're just as much at sea, or more—
But there I go again!

There is no sea, nor earth nor sky!
There is no world of things!
And from this great Immortal I,
No conscious being springs.

There is no you! There is no I!
No place for us to stay,
And it is vain for us to try
To figure things our way.

We think we are, but we are not—
Do tell me, will you, pray,
What is there dwelling in the spot,
I seem to fill to-day?

The light you offer as a guide,
Just contradicts me flat,
And now, with consciousness denied
I wonder "where I'm at!"

Now, naught from naught, and naught remains,
Is what we have been taught,
But this new wisdom (?) now explains,
That everything is naught.

But O, the blankness of this blank !
How could it blanker be—
Without a name, a place or rank,
Through all eternity?

Should we be censured if we feel
Such irony of fate,
When countless thousands reckon real,
This nonexistent state?

I understand a paradox,
But this weird cult, I find,
Has jarred my brain with mental shocks,
That paralyze the mind.

It's too perplexing to decide,
And I—who am nowhere—
Would gladly go somewhere and hide,
And dwell obscurely there.

Deprived of compass, chart or log ;
Or guide to pilot me,
I drift, through leagues of mental fog,
Upon a nameless sea.

But what's the use of all this fuss?
My brain is in a kink—
There is no *matter* to discuss,
No *matter* what I think.

And when unsphered we've learned to dwell,
No doubt, at all, we can
Get on without ourselves, quite well,
Delighted with the plan.

Contented with our nothingness ;
 Surrounded by the same,
Desiring nothing more nor less,
 In this ethereal frame.

We sink beneath this weight of thought,
 Yet would be pleased to know ;
What is the destiny of naught
 And where can nothing go ?

THE FATHER'S VOICE

When dead to every other sound,
 I hear the voice of God,
Which calls me up to higher ground,
 Than yet my feet have trod.

To hear that voice within my soul,
 Is sweeter music, far,
Than any earthly strains that roll,
 Amid life's constant jar.

Lord, keep me still, that I may hear,
 Thy faintest whispers fall,
Upon my ready, listening ear,
 That waits Thy Spirit's call.

And while in meekness I recline,
 Adoring at Thy feet,
Make me, O Lord, through grace divine,
 All perfect and complete.

Into my life Thy life infuse
Till I Thine image bear ;
And Satan, when he would accuse,
Discovers nothing there.

Where every wish and power is brought
Within divine control,
And not a vain or idle thought
Finds audience in my soul.

HOME LONGING

Borne upward on the wings of light,
Toward the fuller day ;
Beyond the touch and power of night,
We fain would fly away,
To the regions fair and fadeless,
Where the promised mansions rise,
And shine so pure and shadeless,
In the land beyond the skies.

The world's sad night is almost gone ;
The lingering shadows flee ;
O come, Thou long-expected One,
And let us look on Thee !
Long in tears we here have waited ;
Gazing up with longing eyes,
Hoping soon to be translated,
To our home beyond the skies.

GOD IS A REFUGE

Thou great eternal God, Most High!
On whom my soul is stayed,
To Thy strong arms of love I fly,
What time I am afraid!

And resting there, above the power
Of evils multiform;
I find in Thee a hiding tower,
To shield me from the storm.

Where faith expands, and hope grows strong;
While truth inspires my theme,
And love transports my life along,
Its pure, unruffled stream.

Where pours my heart its fullness out,
In songs of praise to Thee,
With humble trust, that cannot doubt,
Thy promised life in me.

Which brings a rest, the world denies—
A peace it cannot move;
And daily for my strength supplies,
The hallowed power of love.

And this transforming life within—
Through grace bestowed on me—
Now gives me victory over sin,
And lifts me up to Thee.

P E T I T I O N

Thou God of power, whose name is Love,
How dear Thou art to me!
My heart, which seeks Thy face above,
Responds with love to Thee.

Thy holy name I'll ever bless,
For all Thy presence brings,
Nor can my full heart praise Thee less—
Thou hast done wond'rous things!

And since my heart is Thine abode,
I dwell from care apart,
And love Thee for Thy gifts bestowed,
But more for what Thou art.

Thy right I own, and yield Thee all,
Thy name to glorify,
And follow at Thy Spirit's call,
In paths where duties lie.

I feel that grace doth make me whole;
Thy promise I believe;
And now Thy presence fills my soul,
What more can I receive?

And while I walk in Wisdom's ways,
No merit can I claim;
To Thee, alone, be all the praise—
All glory to Thy name!

OUR OWN PLACE

Each soul is born to fill a place,
That no one else can fill;
If this be true, in ev'ry case,
Then much of good or ill,
Which in our lives we trace,
Comes from the course we here pursue;
Then let us face this earnest fact,
And act as we should ever act,
And to the truth be true.

A FORTASTE

New light upon my pathway dawned,
And glad I followed where it led;
And reaching to the life beyond,
I feel its glory round my head.

Where lured from sin and vain delights,
My soul—caught up by power divine—
Sits singing in the glory-heights,
Where golden rays, celestial, shine.

THE INFINITE

Enthroned in glory, without change,
Through cloudless day, that knows no night—
Incomprehensible and strange;
Supreme in wisdom, love and might,
Above all space where thought can range,
Forever dwells the Infinite!

Whose touch is seen on ev'ry flower ;
 In star-lit sky and foaming flood ;
In winding stream, and summer shower ;
 In floating cloud, and leafy wood ;
And where the silent mountains tower,
 In their impressive solitude.

Forth, at Thy word, these wonders came,
 Which Thine Omnipotence reveal,
And Thy great Majesty proclaim,
 In power that nothing can conceal ;
But Love is still Thy strongest name,
 And to Thy heart our hearts appeal.

Could we by some strong impulse move,
 To that far-off, stupendous height,
That marks the summit of Thy love,
 And rise, untrammelled in our flight,
On wings of light to soar above,
 And pierce the regions out of sight,

We'd gladly leave these scenes below,
 And sail that vast and unknown sea,
To penetrate the veil, and know,
 The secrets of the yet-to-be,
That lie concealed where ages flow,
 In their sublime immensity.

Though in this world we walk resigned,
 Our eager spirits long to be,
Beyond the touch of things unkind—
 Bathed in Love's light eternally ;
Delighted in those spheres to find,
 The cherished forms we hope to see.

We feel no fear of Thy reproach,
Although we nothing are but dust,
Nor on forbidden ground encroach,
When in the Name of Names we trust,
Thy glorious Godhead to approach,
Who art so merciful and just.

Nor dare we doubt the wise decree,
That keeps us in this clay confined;
Yet in our haste to look on Thee,
We fain would snap the cords that bind;
And soar aloft, forever free,
And leave this fleeting world behind.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTIONS

Shall I pine because I'm tempted,
And ungraciously complain,
That my life is not exempted,
From the things that cause me pain?

Let me rather joy in sorrow;
Still confiding, though I weep,
And the promised comfort borrow,
"That the Lord is strong to keep."

What though trials may cause me anguish!
They will crush the self life too;
And the soul in dearth would languish,
If no storms about it blew.

And the good distilled from sorrow,
 (If with patience we endure)
Will be found upon the morrow
 Still as permanent and pure.

And the touch of grief will soften,
 Every rough, uneven trace,
Of the harsher thoughts, which often,
 Found expression in the face.

While a calm, submissive feeling
 Comes, pervading mind and heart,
In its secret depths revealing,
 More of solace than of smart.

So I'm nearer God in sadness,
 While I sail the troubled sea,
Than in any hour of gladness
 That is meted out to me!

MY PRAYER

Infinite and great, Eternal God!
 Who rules in love alone,
I stand within Thy presence awed,
 And all Thy glory own.

Lead out beyond the narrow bound,
 That circles round my soul,
To where the larger love is found,
 And deeper currents roll!

Guide me toward the perfect day,
To glories out of sight—
Thy self the truth, the life, the way—
And Thou alone the light!

Grant my petition, and impart,
The blessed power to be,
Tranquil and pure, in mind and heart—
Forever, Lord, like Thee!

Help me to claim Thy promise true,
And trusting in Thy word,
My even course, in peace pursue,
By no condition stirred!

REACHING TO THE BEYOND

Break softly on the shores of time,
Thou great unknown, eternal sea,
Bring secrets from thy depths sublime,
And whisper them to me!

For mysteries lie within thee locked,
My eager spirit fain would know;
Whose prayer thy waves so long have mocked,
By constant ebb and flow.

I stand in awe, and gaze afar,
Toward that land of mystic lore,
And wonder what its glories are,
That shine forevermore.

Though now to faith there doth unfold,
Some things, to sight and sense denied,
Assuring me I shall behold,
The future, glorified.

Which vision but intensifies,
The ardent wish for power to sail
The untried deep, 'neath fairer skies,
Where richer calms prevail.

I reach, in thought, to time remote,
With strong desire to now explore,
The far beyond, where blue mists float,
Along yon peaceful shore.

For brought by magic power of love,
In harmony with truth divine,
I seek, with joy, those spheres above,
Where all things good combine.

And though I may not understand,
The boundless measure of my plea,
I hope, ere long, to tread that land,
Of sweetest mystery.

THE CHRISTIAN'S VOYAGE OF LIFE

The evil powers shall not prevail,
Since Christ is on our side,
Whose voice can still the fiercest gale,
And bid the floods subside ;
And calm to rest, the storms on life's rough sea,
As peaceful as the waves on Galilee.

When on the angry billows tost,
We'll trust His power to keep,
Nor feel a fear of being lost,
Beneath the threatening deep ;
For He can still the storms on life's rough sea,
As tranquil as the waves on Galilee.

Until the promised port we gain—
 Though toiling in the dark—
He will with hope our hearts sustain,
 And guide our feeble bark,
Till He has made the storms on life's rough sea,
As placid as the waves on Galilee.

And when, at last, our course we end,
 And lay life's burdens down,
The heavenly prize, we'll apprehend—
 The mansion, robe and crown,
That wait us where the storms of life's rough sea,
Have vanished like the winds from Galilee.

Then surely we can trust to Him,
 Who doth the winds command,
Nor falter when the lights grow dim,
 Along life's ocean strand;
For Christ can still the storms on life's rough sea,
As easily as the waves on Galilee.

THE UNEXPRESSED

Lines of feeling, true and deep;
 Unexpressed and unrevealed,
In the bosom sometimes sleep,
 From the careless world concealed.

Like the sweets that bloom and die,
 Where no human feet have trod,
Flowers of thought neglected lie,
 Recognized alone by God.

TRUE WORTH

'Tis not what we possess—but are,
That makes our worth, and shapes the end,
Where choice of will may make or mar,
The life on which our hopes depend.

Deep, unseen currents move the soul,
And prove this truth, since time began,
That hidden motives, which control,
Reveal and constitute the man.

And everyone, who wills, may find,
The measure of their state within,
Where qualities of heart and mind,
Incline to virtue or to sin.

If each would seek the right to do,
And clamor less to claim their own,
The ills of life would come to few,
And love and truth be better known.

First shall be last—the last be first!
So said the Saviour of mankind,
While grasping souls, for power athirst,
In their far-reaching, fail to find,

The good that comes to trustful hearts,
Who only God and truth desire,
Rejecting those delusive arts,
For which the vain and proud aspire.

Humility shall win the crown,
And Love ascend a throne at last,
When all temptations are lived down,
And vain ambitions overcast.

SEARCH ME AND TRY ME

Transformed by power of wond'rous love,
Which now my soul inspires,
I rise, through grace, to live above,
The plane of low desires.

And hold no thought, I care to keep,
A secret, Lord, from Thee;
But pray Thee search the motives deep,
Unrecognized by me.

I welcome to my open heart,
The light of truth divine,
And bid it shine through every part,
And make my life like Thine.

Search, through and through, Thy loving eye,
Will but in mercy scan,
The secret things that hidden lie,
Beyond the sight of man.

And should'st Thou there discern in me,
What would discomfort bring,
Pray, drag it forth, and let me see,
The mean, unworthy thing.

I'd rather have Thine eye detect,
Sin in its vilest phase,
Than try to hide the least defect,
From Thine all-searching gaze.

Have all my inner life revealed,
 However sad its state,
Than have the truth from me concealed,
 Until it is too late.

'Twould grieve me most to know I grieve,
 Thy gracious Spirit, Lord;
And lose the joy I now receive,
 Through living in Thy word.

With strong desire within, I move,
 To grasp the good I see,
And should I fail, I'll still approve,
 The things approved by Thee.

GOD IS MY PORTION

Since my heart hath made its choice,
 Christ to me, alone is fair,
In whose presence I rejoice,
 Safe from harm, and free from care.

Humbly sitting at His feet,
 Hearing what He hath to say,
Strength I find, and joy complete;
 Growing fuller day by day.

Lifted high the world above—
 Hiding close and keeping still;
Seeking nothing but His love;
 Knowing nothing but His will.

How my soul is filled and blessed,
Through His all-sufficient grace!
Every good with Him possessed;
Finding help in every place.

Though I walk through ways unknown,
Meeting oft with things unjust,
Claiming nothing as my own;
Holding everything in trust.

I have one to plead my cause,
Who implants His peace within,
So I turn from man's applause,
His approving smile to win.

My exceeding great reward!
Here my soul rests satisfied;
Seeing nothing but my Lord—
Christ alone—the crucified!

Cankering cares cannot annoy,
Gazing on His blessed face;
Feeling nothing but His joy;
Lacking nothing through His grace.

Balm for every wound I feel,
When the flesh is pained or ill;
Trusting in His power to heal,
Needing nothing but His skill.

Full salvation, rich and sweet—
Life eternal, will I sing!
My redemption is complete,
Taking Christ for everything!

SATISFIED WITH AND IN HIM

With the sweet presence of the Holy One,
In the hushed stillness of my heart,
I am content to dwell obscure, unknown,
From the whole world and sin apart.

For peace, serene pervades my trusting soul,
And Christ is everything to me,
Whose conquering love shall govern and control,
Through all the days that are to be.

'Tis joy supreme—thus hid with Christ in God—
To walk by faith, and feel no fear;
But follow where His hallowed feet have trod,
Nor deem that narrow path severe.

O, this is life, transcendent, rich and fair!
Blest with the favor of my King,
Who bids me feast from off His banquet rare,
And drink from Love's eternal spring.

How empty, now, and vain, the fleeting charms,
A life apart from Thee contains ;
And what a freedom from its vague alarms ;
Its ills and transitory gains !

Since, through the cleansing of Thy blood, applied,
I find this richer life in Thee,
I, to the world and sin am crucified—
With mind renewed, and spirit free.

And filled with joy, through perfect love and trust—
So satisfied, subdued and still—
I rest unshaken by the things unjust,
And wait the pleasure of Thy will.

The weary burden, and the anxious care,
Have all been given o'er to Thee,
With every self-made plan, that seemed so fair,
And earth-born friendships, dear to me.

Such sense of safety doth reward my trust,
That I'm not anxious now to know,
How time will all the complex things adjust,
That through my lifetime come and go.

My trusting soul, through faith in Thee, finds rest,
And loves Thy will—what e'er it be ;
Give, or withhold, what wisdom deemeth best—
All must be good that comes from Thee !

RESIGNATION

The deepest grief the trusting heart hath known,
Leaves not the life devoid of beauty ;
For when the first, sharp sting of pain has flown—
And we arise once more to duty—
Remembrance of our by-gone griefs may fill,
With fragrant calm our future way,
And hope a balm from ev'ry sigh distill,
To sweeten life for us to-day.

Our trials and disappointments may be fraught,
With many rich, disguised blessings,
And grandest things, by suffering be taught,
Would we but learn their precious lessons ;
And so, submissively, I walk, resigned,
Where ill no more my life can reach,
For by the aid of grief I have divined,
A secret nothing else could teach.

SCIENCE

O Science, trusted Science! What art thou?
And where, O where, thy boasted power?
Thou canst not tell the secrets of the now ;
Nor scale the mountain peaks of truth that tower
Above the grandest stretch of mortal vision ;
And though we fain would pierce the far beyond,
No voice to our enquiry doth respond,
And still we wait, in vain, for thy decision.

TRUSTING

Through all my days, whate'er they bring,
Of earthly loss or gain,
I'll trust Thee, Lord, through everything—
Nor can I trust in vain;
For while by faith to Thee I cling,
I rest unharmed beneath Thy wing,
Above the reach of pain,

Should trials severe my griefs prolong,
I'll cast on Thee my care,
Whose love will make my spirit strong,
To conquer or to bear;
And though for truth I suffer wrong,
With heart upborne on wings of song,
I'll triumph everywhere.

"Thy gentleness shall make me great,"
With power to live and be,
Well pleased, in my dependent state,
To draw my help from Thee;
Contented on Thy will to wait,
The crowning good, that soon or late,
Must surely come to me.

HEAVEN

There's a beautiful home in the far-off skies,
Where the mourner is free from care;
There's a balm in that land for weary eyes—
And a beautiful rest is there.

So fair and bright is that glorious land:
O, how may I live to obtain,
A mansion on high where the angels stand,
And the weary are free from pain?

Let me fly to that land of calm delights,
When life and its sorrows are o'er;
That my eyes may feast on its rapturous sights,
And live in its light evermore.

RETROSPECT

When I reflect upon the past,
How sad that past appears!
The years unprized, that fled so fast,
Were idly spent, and leave at last,
The heart undone—the eye in tears!

I scarce recall in all those years,
A moment free from pain;
A single day undimmed by tears,
Or passed unknown to cruel fears,
That rend the aching heart in twain.

In earliest youth I may have known,
Some pleasures unalloyed,
But now I walk unloved—alone,
With not a friend to call my own,
Like those lost few I once enjoyed.

But deeper grief is that which springs,
From rifts within the soul,
Which sin hath pierced with countless stings,
While that dark fear which conscience brings,
Doth bind me in its dread control.

And still I drink this bitter cup,
Distilled from conscious wrong,
With sad remorse, and ills made up,
Of deepest woe from which I sup,
In tears of shame, my whole life long.

Yet hope, at times, through darkness gleams ;
And something seems to say,
That life is fairer than it seems,
And all the gloom that haunts my dreams,
Like morning mists will flee away.

God grant it thus, for much I long,
A brighter day to see,
When I may rise, through faith made strong,
A victor o'er the sin and wrong,
That hold me in captivity.

When I, no more, with powers depraved,
Shall shun the light of truth ;
But blessed with good, I long have craved,
May walk erect, renewed and saved,
From errors that beset my youth.

A SEEKING SOUL

Thou hast sought for peace and light—
Still the darkness lingers—
Veiling visions from thy feeble sight,
Traced by Love's unerring fingers.

Yet a haven lieth near,
Where we cease contending;
Where the storm-clouds break, and disappear,
And the peace is never ending.

Go thy way, and seek the best!
Other hearts may teach thee;
I can only point thee to the rest,
Where the shadows cannot reach thee!

BLIGHTED HOPES

The star of hope no more doth shine,
To light my path, beset with pain;
The joys have fled that once were mine—
The shadows and the griefs remain.

My life seems one continual night,
In depths of dark, despair entombed,
Where memory sheds but feeble light,
On other days that brighter bloomed.

In those blest years, so long gone by,
Unmarred, as yet, by pain and care,
My fancy saw, through Hope's bright eye,
A life of peace—serene and fair.

But hopes deferred, from year to year,
Have caused my weary, troubled brain,
To burn with many an anxious fear,
That rends my aching heart in twain.

My visions bright of joy and pride,
Alas! are faded, lost and gone,
And friends I loved have left my side,
And vanished one by one.

POETS' FANCIES

When poets rise from dreams and sighs,
To sing of hope and pleasure,
With visage grave, and language wise,
In strains of pleasing measure.

What they indite, may yield delight,
Though, somewhat out of season,
They soar away in fancy's flight,
Beyond the plane of reason.

To sing of flowers, and shady bowers,
And scenes of matchless beauty;
Extolling Nature's charms for hours,
Which seems their only duty.

Each passing mood that may intrude,
Thrills with a glad emotion,
And though it be not understood,
Is prized with fond devotion.

In Thought's broad range, the vague and strange—
Both subtle and alluring—
Are freely sought for, as a change,
From something more enduring.

Sometimes they pen, the things they ken,
With forceable attraction,
Inspiring in the hearts of men,
Desires for noblest action.

A lofty theme invades their dream,
Which stirs within a passion,
To spread a truth by which they deem,
Anew the world to fashion.

And recognize, without surprise,
A thousand nameless wonders;
But how is this, when they're so wise,
They make so many blunders?

MIDNIGHT REVERIE

The midnight stars through azure gleamed
Where dew in silence weep,
And moonlight pale, in beauty streamed,
Athwart the placid deep,
When I arose
To seek repose,
I could not find in sleep.

And ling'ring by the water's side—
Where oft I'd sat before—
I scanned the past, so full of pride;
And viewed my whole life o'er,
And mourned the fate,
That bade me wait,
Upon life's dreary shore.

Till all my soul with sadness moved;
And longing for the dawn,
I sighed for friends, whom still I loved,
And wept for loved ones gone;
But from that hour,
An unseen power;
Hath borne me gently on.

And though the future may lead out,
Through ways as yet untrod,
I know that faith must banish doubt,
And bring the peace of God,
And so I rest,
Supremely blest,
Unburdened and unawed.

DESPONDENCY

From sweetest dreams we oft awake,
To find them all delusive;
We deem our lives a sad mistake—
And nothing seems conclusive!

The hopeful heart, so fondly bent,
On making life a pleasure,
Is forced to pine in discontent,
And grieve o'er fleeting treasure.

Misfortune comes, with ruthless hand,
To blight our buds of promise,
While death walks darkly through the land,
And tears our idols from us.

As life wears on, our brightest dreams,
Have passed like spectres, one by one;
And we glide on, through turbid streams,
To that dark sea—oblivion!

And had we thought in early youth,
Our years would end so aimless,
We had not cared to face the truth,
That life would leave us nameless.

VANISHED HOPES

Hopes quickly vanish,	Love may awaken,
Like mists from the sea;	Some passion now dead;
But time cannot banish,	Cheer the forsaken—
Sorrow from me.	Burdened with dread.

But ne'er can restore,
What pain hath destroyed,
While griefs evermore,
Deepen the void.

RE M O R S E

Through wasted years my life has run,
Its course of sin and shame,
Till now I view, with heart undone,
My blighted hopes and tarnished name.

Fain would I stand as some have stood,
By conscious power upheld ;
But I've so long resisted good,
And in my heart rebelled,

That sighing, faint, and almost dead ;
Borne down in darkest night,
I raise, with pain, my weary head,
And struggle for the light.

Yet, while I strive, I deeper grow,
A prey to passions blind,
Which sink me to a state below,
The meanest of mankind.

While deep despair, dark as the tomb,
Leaves scarce a ray of hope,
To shine amid the gathering gloom,
Through which I feebly grope.

With manhood marred, and prospects gone—
Through deeds akin to crime—
I drift, to-day, a wreck upon
The turbid stream of time.

Scourged by forebodings, that portend,
A night of woe, intense,
Into whose depths the lost descend,
Cut off from all defence.

CHANGED

How am I changed? I once did love,
In Pleasure's bark to glide,
And with life's vanities I strove,
My better thoughts to hide.

I revelled midst the gayest scenes,
With heart attuned to play,
And squandered strength, as well as means,
To chase the hours away.

I danced and sang, and sighed for wings,
The swifter time to speed,
And fancied husks were fitting things,
A hungry soul to feed.

But I regret I e'er was led,
To take the downward path
That hastens men to join the dead,
And reach impending wrath.

That I so long in Folly's court,
Should play so mean a part,
And deem that this unmeaning sport,
Could satisfy the heart.

But from it now, I turn and sigh,
O'er all those misspent hours,
And precious things, flung idly by,
With worse than wasted powers.

O hollow-hearted world of sin,
Whose promises are lies!
What hidden dangers lurk within,
Thy councils so unwise?

I covet no delight you bring,
But shun your senseless noise,
And see no music in the songs you sing,
Nor beauty in your joys.

Thy fleeting charms, and fading crowns;
Thy constant ebb and flow
Of thoughtless speech, and empty sounds;
Thy glitter, and thy show,

Have grown distasteful—and I tire,
Of scenes which pleased before;
And that which once I could admire,
Can charm me nevermore.

There is, withal, a fearful strain—
With others keeping pace—
That comes upon the heart and brain,
In life's unequal race.

When with the multitude we run;
Nor heed the warning call,
But drink, ere long, as some have done,
The wormwood and the gall.

But I'm so thankful I awoke
From that delusive dream,
When light upon my pathway broke,
And showed me my extreme.

That folly past, why deem it strange,
That as the days advance,
So few with me should now exchange,
The recognizing glance?

'Tis e'en as I would have it be—
My course in life is changed;
I seek them not—they seek not me—
What wonder we're estranged?

Henceforth our ways must lie apart;
Forbidden ties must sever;
For purer joys have lured my heart,
To quit those scenes forever.

Adieu to all the guilty past!
Redeemed by love divine,
Within the veil my anchor's cast,
Where fadeless glories shine!

OUR KEEPER

The trusting heart feels no alarm,
While leaning on the Saviour's arm—
All powerful to deliver!
Through love which binds with hallowed charm,
We're sheltered safe from every harm,
Beneath His wings forever!

Though threatening storms may gather near,
We'll bravely stem, without a fear,
The current of life's river;
Or sail serene, when skies are clear,
With Him who is to us so dear—
Our hope and joy forever!

Our faith secures the promised rest,
His love endures, and we are blest
Through grace that faileth never
For He has heard our soul's request,
And planted deep within our breast,
His love and peace forever!

Oh what a joy that we may prove,
The wonderous grace and matchless love,
Of Christ the great life-giver,
In whom we daily live and move;
And with whose saints we'll sing above,
The starry skies forever!

Then sound His name! His glory sing!
Who did so great salvation bring,
Which naught from us can sever;
Let notes of praise through ages ring
To Christ, our Lord, and blessed King,
Who lives and reigns forever!

When from the skies His shout we hear,
And in the clouds he doth appear—
Our Saviour and forgiver—
We'll stretch toward those regions fair,
And rise to meet Him in the air,
And dwell with Him forever!

GRIEVING THE SPIRIT

Borne out on the wings of the merciless night,
To a region remote and unknown;
Nevermore to return, in its far-stretching flight—
The Dove from my window hath flown!

Can it be, can it be, that no more in my heart,
Thy wings shall be folded to rest?
That alone, I must dwell from Thy presence apart,
And wander forever unblest?

Come back to my soul, thou infallible guide!
Come back, and forever remain!
Return to my breast, o'er the dark water's tide,
And reign in this temple again!

What a void in my life doth Thy absence reveal!
How bitter my grief and distress!
For the pain of remorse, which I try to conceal,
Is deeper than tongue can express.

LOST JOY

I've lost the joy I once possessed;
The power that made my life so blessed—
So calm, and free from care;
And now I long for its return,
And mourn my loss, with deep concern,
And agonizing prayer.

And grieve to think that I should grow,
So blinded by the subtle foe,
As to relax my hold
On all that made my life most dear,
Nor recognize the danger near,
So frequently foretold.

Distressed to know that I have grieved,
The One from whom I first received
The gift of grace, so free,
And apprehend, in my despair,
That I may drift beyond His care—
A wreck on life's dark sea.

Somewhere upon the narrow way
I faltered, and I miss, to-day,
 His presence from my side,
While all my anxious fears reveal,
The utter helplessness I feel—
 Alone, without a guide.

That He is near, all things declare,
Yet though I seek him everywhere,
 Wherever sought by men,
I find Him not—and can it be,
That I no more His face shall see,
 Nor hear His voice again?

Oh tell me, whither hast Thou gone
That still my feet may follow on—
 And I perchance may find,
My place of rest in Thee, once more,
With all my fruitless wanderings o'er,
 And doubts left far behind.

Oh heart of love, with love so strong!
Thou wilt not leave me thus for long,
 To battle with life's fears;
Nor let the life which Thou canst save—
Now struggling on temptation's wave—
 Be swallowed up in tears.

And though in darkness still I grope,
This thought inspires my heart with hope,
 To urge this one request:—
That Thou wouldst come once more to me;
And in returning, deign to be
 My soul's abiding guest.

WHEN HE COMES

How welcome that glad day when Christ shall come;
When in the clouds His form appears,
And all the ransomed pilgrims gather home,
To tread those fair, celestial spheres,
Released from sin and sorrow's tears:
How blest with that bright throng to be
Borne up beyond life's griefs and fears
To dwell with Him eternally!

SOUL HUNGER

O God, far off, yet ever nigh!
Hear Thou my soul's insatiate cry!
Break through the night, and come to me,
And let mine eyes Thy glory see!
To Thee with eager hope, I fly!
Thou art, O Lord, my being's goal,
And Thou alone canst satisfy
The righteous hunger of my soul!

Thou sum of all things—and the end
Of all my seeking—closest friend,
Whose fellowship is far above,
The strongest bonds of earthly love.
Make all things new, and grant my plea,
For power with every ill to cope,
And lift me up to find in Thee,
The consummation of my hope!

From Thee apart there is no life:
Breathe on my soul and banish strife,
And let me every moment know
The joys that from Thy presence flow.
This unity with Thee I crave,
Where grace divine shall ever be,
Strong to the uttermost to save,
The soul that leans alone on Thee.

Pleading the blood that Jesus shed,
I pray Thy blessings on my head,
And claim Thy promises to give
A larger life than now I live.
And in His name, all names above,
My heart presents its deepest need,
And pleads His merits and His love—
I have no other good to plead.

ABUNDANT GRACE

That God will be faithful, we never can doubt,
Our souls to deliver from bondage of sin;
Though temptations assail us, that come from without,
They need not receive a response from within.

He tells us His grace is sufficient for all things—
That all things required, through His strength we can do;
So we go in the trust, which this sweet promise brings,
And find to His word He is faithful and true.

Made strong in His might, by His glorious power,
We are able to triumph o'er every ill,
And conquer forever, till life's latest hour,
Through walking in light, and obeying His will.
For all things—both now and forever—are ours;
And held in the arms of His infinite love.
Neither persons nor things, nor the subtlest powers,
Can us from His holy affections remove.

PERILOUS TIMES

We have reached the crimson border,
Of the long predicted day,
When the powers of wild disorder,
Will demand the right of way—
Spreading death and desolation;
Dread alarm and consternation,
With an undisputed sway.

Awful times are now prevailing,
Striking souls with terror dumb,
And the hearts of men are failing—
Dreading darker days to come.
When each troubled soul shall tremble,
No more able to dissemble;
For the bravest must succumb.

These are but the drops of trouble,
That precede the flaming shower,
That shall sweep the world like stubble,
With its awful burning power;
Clouds and tempests, madly whirling;
Worlds on worlds to atoms hurling,
In that dread and fateful hour.

Hear that roll of distant thunder,
As it peals along the sky!
Causing hearts to fear and wonder,
At the tempest drawing nigh,
That shall shake the great foundations,
Of the proud, defiant nations,
Lifting blood-stained hands on high.

See the shadows now extending,
Till they touch on every strand!
Night of deepest gloom portending—
Night of death, so near at hand;
O'er the earth its mantle trailing,
Calling forth a tide of wailing,
None can stay nor understand.

Hear the whole creation groaning—
Longing for the promised day,
When the earth shall cease her moaning,
And her tears be wiped away!
Answer, Lord, our deep imploring!
Come Thyself, all things restoring—
Come, Lord Jesus! Come, we pray!

Soon the certain end approaches,
When the souls of all shall hear,
God's approval or reproaches;
Bringing hope or guilty fear;
Awful woes, or joys supernal;
Endless death, or life eternal;
And that hour is surely near!

But the watchful, waiting servant,
Through his faith made truly wise,
Of the signs is now observant,
As they gather in the skies:
While the hosts are overtaken,
On the rock he rests unshaken,
Though the billows round him rise.

Still the masses plead for pleasure;
Seeking treasures fleet and vain;
Never thinking of the measure
To be meted out again,
In that day when God shall sentence,
All who have not sought repentance,
And who seek it then in vain.

Rise at once, and seek a refuge,
Ere the day of grace be o'er!
Find a shelter in Love's haven,
And be safe forevermore,
From the dreadful wrath impending,
And the death that knows no ending,
On that dark forbidding shore!

LOVE

O blessed heritage of love,
All things, with thee, are mine,
Both here and in the spheres above
Where life submerged in light divine
Will still toward its center move.

CHRIST IS COMING

Hear ye not the voice of warning—
Christ is coming from on high?
At the midnight, noon or morning,
Soon His form will rend the sky:
Lo! He comes, in power and splendor,
Justice unto all to render,
And His name to magnify!

Some with anxious hearts are yearning,
As the many signs appear,
That foretell His quick returning;
And they feel the hour is near,
When His voice shall break with terror,
On the darkened powers of error,
That have ruled the world with fear.

For He'll judge each living nation,
When that fateful morning dawns;
End their march through tribulation,
Where that awful chasm yawns,
To engulf within its burning,
All who scoffed at His returning,
And oppressed his faithful ones.

There'll be bitter sobs and sighing—
Wails of anguish everywhere;
With the groans of millions dying,
In the midnight of despair,
While the cry for help is falling,
On the ear that heeds no calling,
Though their pleadings fill the air.

Rise ye up—ye souls that slumber!
Trim your lamps and hasten out,
And be ready with that number,
Who shall hear His welcome shout—
Rising up beyond the sighing,
Of a world in darkness lying,
Doomed to death through sin and doubt.

DISHONORING GOD

Men, who by logic fail to relegate,
The great Creator from the throne,
Assume what they have failed to penetrate,
Forever must remain unknown.

Yet, with great condescension, will admit,
There is, perchance, a place for God;
And in the light of their own wisdom sit,
And weakest fallacies applaud.

God, in His place, is well enough, they say,
If they may designate the place,
Where free, their little greatness to display,
They still resist Him to His face.

Rash minds, with self-sufficient boldness fraught—
Presumptions, as it may appear—
Assign, in their irreverent and unholy thought,
To God a limit and a sphere.

Where He may never interfere with them,
Nor dictate terms, nor seek control,
By binding them with statutes that condemn,
Unbridled license of the soul.

Who vow, they ne'er will suffer to be led ;
Not even God—if such there be—
Can force them from the path they choose to tread,
By independent thought made free.

“We will not have this man to rule o'er us !”
Is still the same resentful cry
Of rebel souls, whose sinful hearts do thus,
The rightful claims of Christ defy.

Nor will the unregenerated heart,—
To truth, by nature dead and blind,—
From ways of sin and vain conceit depart ;
Led captive by the carnal mind.

That Antichrist within the human breast,
That scoffs at God and ever tries,
To set at naught His righteous laws, or wrest
His words of truth, which men despise.

Professing to be wise, they fools become,
And blind, because they say they see ;
Who boast great things when they should still be
dumb,
Or sue for grace on bended knee.

“I nothing am, and nothing good can do !”
Should be the plea of every soul ;
For God can only work His purpose through,
The lives that yield to His control.

But ever waits to fill with life and light,
The contrite heart and humble mind ;
And guide the slow, but willing feet, aright,
Of those to Wisdom's ways inclined.

And high and holy though He be, there are
Some trustful souls He loveth much ;
But haughty ones He knoweth yet afar,
And hath no pleasure in the ways of such.

He must be worshiped with the heart and brain,
In spirit and in truth by all,
And those who seek His favor, seek in vain,
Who yield not fully to His call.

Then, O how vain to compliment the Lord !
Or offer Him but cold respect,
And patronize those portions of His word,
To which they cannot well object.

Or eulogize the ethics, which He taught,
And hold His person in repute,
Yet treat His more exalted claims as naught,
Or seek their meaning to refute.

For where's the virtue thus to acquiesce,
To that which cannot be denied,
And then by actions and by words express,
A fear to have the truth applied.

Disciples—not admirers—doth He seek,
Amid the lowly of mankind !
Who'll rise and follow, when they hear Him speak,
And leave their paltry nets behind.

And He alone—the source of every good—
Without reserve must be received
Before the words He spake are understood,
By souls so long through pride deceived.

"In me, by nature, dwelleth no good thing!"
Must be by every one confessed,
Before the heart can learn in truth to sing
The songs of the redeemed and blessed.

R E S T

No sudden shock can now surprise,
Nor disappointment break the rest,
In which my blissful spirit lies,
And softly sings:—"He knoweth best!"

CHORUS:—

He knoweth best! He knoweth best!
And in His will I sweetly rest,
And though the tempests round me roar,
I'm safe in Him forevermore!

Here, taught by Him, my heart can sing,
Through all the fair, unclouded day,
Nor cease her song, when time shall fling,
Unwelcome shadows o'er my way.

For power of song can ne'er grow weak,
If Christ, the Lord, shall be my theme,
Nor praises fail from lips that speak,
In tones of love derived from Him.

A power mysterious, strong and sweet,
Sent down to me on silent wings;
O wondrous grace, with bliss replete,
How perfect is the peace it brings!

THE GREATER AND THE LESSER GOOD

In things men know the least about,
They oft assume the most—
Give willing ear to every doubt,
And then of reason boast.

The way of faith the fathers trod,
To them is all unknown;
They think to scale the mount of God,
By methods of their own.

But God, himself, they first must know,
And be in mind renewed,
Before He can, on them bestow,
The great, exceeding good.

Though secret things belong to Him;
Withheld from curious pride,
Our faith may touch the outer rim,
And draw the veil aside.

Light, in God's light, we all must see,
If we escape the night,
And wake with mental vision free,
To apprehend the right.

If we should shun the shade of wrong—
And it is right we should—
Our guard should also be as strong,
Against the seeming good.

Prove all things—and the good hold fast!
Nor let one virtue slip,
But keep and prize whate'er thou hast,
Of Truth's sweet fellowship.

Nor substitute some good you've found,
Howe'er it be desired,,
And make it cover all the ground,
When better is required.

For good unreasonably pursued,
Or work untimely wrought,
Or truth improperly construed,
May bring the whole to naught.

Good things, themselves, are only good,
When held in estimation,
Where they are rightly understood,
And kept in true relation.

Thus wisely kept where they belong,
They benefit us truly,
But work as surely for the wrong,
When prized by us unduly.

The greater doth the less contain,
That we may nothing lose ;
But all of lesser good retain,
When we the highest choose.

While lower ground by us maintained—
When we should still aspire—
Keeps back whatever might be gained,
By seeking something higher.

Truths, wrested from their right positions,
Will soon become untrue,
And good, perverted, make conditions,
That will its worth undo.

And laws designed by God to bless,
May grind us into dust,
Yet we their righteousness confess,
And still pronounce them just.

The sun that makes the plant to grow,
That plant may smite and kill;
Some things are melted by its glow,
And some grow harder still.

So truth will kill, or make alive—
Just as we choose to treat it,
Nor can that soul expect to thrive,
Who will not fairly meet it.

THE LAMP OF TRUTH

Blest lamp of truth, that shines like day,
Upon the path of duty,
Thy gleams have caught divinest ray,
That fills thy light with beauty.

Thy melting rays have reached my heart,
Its inmost depths illuming,
With glowing beams that life impart,
The dross and sin consuming.

And in thy light my feet shall fly,
To spread the blessed story,
Of one who did for sinners die,
To make them mete for glory.

HEART ACHE

Hearts may be aching,	Evermore longing,
Unmarked by the throng;	But loath to report,
Literally breaking,	Thoughts that are thronging,
Through somebody's wrong.	Through Memory's court.

Time hath bereft them,	Cruel pressure keeping
Of all they held dear;	Them low in the dust;
Scourged them and left them,	Silently weeping,
All desolate here.	O'er treatment unjust.

Weary, heart-broken;	Nursing their sorrow,
Hiding in vain,	And anguish of mind;
Lines that betoken,	Fearing tomorrow,
The bitterest pain.	May still be unkind.

Tearfully pleading,	Constantly sighing,
For comfort denied—	And seeking release,
Wounded and bleeding;	Struggling and trying,
Tempted and tried.	Yet finding no peace.

Reaching, in blindness,	Fain to discover
For something to heal	The good that they crave;
Marks of unkindness,	Ne'er to recover,
They cannot conceal.	This side of the grave.

Inwardly praying	Joys that were banished,
For sympathy's tear;	By incoming grief;
Sad looks betraying,	Light that has vanished—
The depth of their fear.	So brilliant and brief.

Secretly yearning	Hopes fondly cherished,
For love's tender tone,	That lingered awhile;
Hard lessons learning,	Sweets that have perished,
Since gladness hath flown.	That once did beguile.

Pleasures deceiving—
All transient and vain;
No comfort leaving,
Nor permanent gain.

Soul, ever weary!
Why dwell on the past?
Life may be dreary,
With shadows o'ercast.

Though thou dost languish,
Bereft of all care;
Spurned in thine anguish,
Thou needst not despair!

Lift thy thoughts higher,
To visions more pure,
Thy soul to inspire,
With joys that endure.

Satisfied fully,
With nothing of earth;
Seek for the holy,
That calls into birth.

Purest emotions,
Which stir in the breast,
Truest devotions,
To all that is best.

Wisdom to guide thee,
To perfect repose;
Shelter to hide thee,
From all of thy foes.

To One ever near thee—
More precious than all;
Waiting to hear thee
Whene'er thou dost call.

Wonderously filling,
The void in thy heart,
When thou art willing,
With all things to part.

Heart, overflowing!
By sorrow oppressed,
God is bestowing
An infinite rest!

Cease then from sighing,
And take up a song!
To Him we belong!
Living or dying,

UNLIMITED POSSIBILITIES OF GRACE

Fear, hath within the trusting heart of love, no place,
And in the consecrated soul is found,
No room for anything apart from truth and grace,
For this is Christ's abode, and holy ground.

Thou blood-washed, sacred temple of the living God!
Where He, and His great will alone, are sought;
Whose gracious entering in with staff and rod,
Hath every other precious blessing brought.

How pure and undefiled throughout, thou needst must be,
Where Christ may dwell unreviled, and impart,
The blest assurance that His Spirit makes us free,
To witness from a truly humble heart,

That God is equal to His largest promise made;
Unto the uttermost to save this hour,
To cleanse us from all guilt, and sin of every grade,
And keep us pure forever, by His power.

That grace for everything to usward shall abound;
That He sufficient is, and willing too:
In His great heart alone is all love's fullness found,
And more than all we ask or think, He'll do.

All this, no doubt, we could by present faith embrace,
If truly we believed and understood,
The great unbounded possibilities of grace,
Or knew our own capacity for good!

God surely doth not mock us with a stern command,
To reach for the impossible, or strive in vain,
To meet and satisfy each holy, just demand,
Made by His Spirit, through the Word so plain.

Is this not true, according to His word and will;
His holy standard, and His great design?
And will He not His righteous purposes fulfill
In hearts that hunger for the life divine?

INDIVIDUALITY, INFLUENCE AND RESPONSIBILITY

In life's brief day each passing soul,
Doth leave an impress on the whole,
Which shall, like waves, through time remote,
Revibrate on the farthest shore,
Or ring like chords, by unseen fingers smote,
That echo evermore!

We write ourselves on all we see,
And take from all unconsciously;
By every word we speak or pen;
By act or look, or thought—and thus,
In turn become a part of other men,
Who stamp their lives on us.

And yet we are ourselves, no less,
And in our being still possess
The attributes that make us free—
With truly wonderous, God-like powers—
To take, as pleaseth us, from things we see,
And wisely make them ours.

Not victims here of circumstance,
Cast on the world, and left to chance;
With no responsibility
For large success or sore defeat;
Nor hypnotized in will repeatedly,
By every bold conceit.

We may repel or entertain;
Reject the false, and wisdom gain,
To walk in light increasingly,
And make each trial a stepping-stone,
Whereon to climb to God unceasingly,
And touch at last His throne.

Nor is the Lord, who cannot change,
A subtle something—vague and strange—
 Like essence through the whole diffused;
 Mere product of that mental pride,
 Which works destructive, in a world confused,
 Where Doubt is deified.

Nor "Universal Consciousness"
Which over-wise ones now profess,
 Is very God—to them revealed
 Through some occult, mysterious laws
 Where unexplored depths have long concealed,
 From us "The Great First Cause."

Defining God as "it",—not He,
They rob Him of His majesty,
 His heart, His nature, and His name,
 And worshiping—they know not what,
 They boast superior wisdom, and proclaim,
 The triumphs of "New Thought."

How can the great Eternal be,
A mere unthinking energy—
 Impersonal, and void of sense;
 Without the power to bless or damn;
A strangely sordid, cold Omnipotence,
 And not the great "I Am?"

But this vain boast of "modern thought,"
That counts the Infinite as naught,
 Is bold perverted Reason's claim,
 Nursed in the heart, to truth a foe,
And ancient fools voiced sentiments the same
 In ages long ago.

Creatively His stamp we bear,
And though we trace Him everywhere ;
 Not in the pantheistic sense,
 Are we a part of one great whole,
 But each one is—with consciousness intense—
 An isolated soul.

A spirit—separate, distinct,
Although with God and nature linked !
 Incarnate now, but ne'er before,
 In all the ages that are past ;
 Believing our next state, when this is o'er,
 Eternally shall last.

In Him we live and move and be,
And yet no part of us is He—
 Which truth—though it seem paradox—
 Refutes that vain philosophy,
 Which at our door, to-day, for entrance knocks,
 Known as Theosophy.

No pre-existent life was ours ;
Endowed with thought, and conscious powers ;
 Nor former state, can we recall,
 With hope to find ourselves recast,
 And in the future—blending each with all—
 So lose ourselves at last.

We grow not less, but ever more,
A stronger unit, while we store,
 Our character with good or ill,
 Through what we gather day by day ;
 And so, the ego but increaseth still,
 And is itself alway.

We part with much, and much put on ;
Yet still remain the self-same one,
 Choosing at will from what we find,
 To strengthen thus our entity,
And can by no means lose or leave behind,
 Our own identity.

Yet though we dwell from all apart,
And oft retire within our heart,
 We live not to ourselves alone,
 And to ourselves we cannot die ;
And while we are, we are not all our own,
 Self love to gratify.

And it is well that this is so,
That we may live and wisely grow,
 To something which we have not been ;
 For we may be whate'er we choose,
And should be more than we are now, I ween,
 Whate'er we gain or lose.

And while within, new thoughts revolve,
Concerning things we cannot solve,
 Our boasted powers avail us naught,
 When we from Nature's grasp would wrest
Those secrets, that beyond the power of thought,
 Lie hidden in her breast.

Yet urged by an unfeigned desire
For fuller light, we still enquire,
 And pour complaint within her ear ;
 So inattentive to our cry,
She cannot, or perchance, she will not hear,
 And deigns not to reply.

And baffled thus we here contend,
And know not how the strife may end;
For, like a shadow at our side,
The ghost of Doubt forever stalks;
While grim Uncertainty—(that fain would guide)
Our plea for knowledge mocks.

Perplexed and foiled at every turn,
How blessed are they who can discern,
Those golden gleams of loftier truth,
That light the crumbling shores of time,
And leave behind the shallow dreams of youth,
For something more sublime!

Yet prying minds will speculate,
And think to fathom, soon or late,
The problems deep, on every hand,
Through reasonings, subtle and unsound,
And failing still the half to understand,
New theories will propound.

And striving thus to grasp the whole,
With finite powers of mind and soul,
They scoff at faith, while men applaud,
And though new creeds be multiplied,
They wander farther from the truth and God,
With hearts unsatisfied.

While countless wrongs, which we deplore,
Are still increased, and ne'er before
Were half so many isms taught,
With errors that unceasing flow
Full tide, from vain, unphilosophic thought,
To vital truth a foe.

Wise then should be the choice we make,
Of all we see or touch or take;
For in the mind by truth untaught,
Impressions false may soon be made,
And once the heart hath erred in wish or thought,
The soul must retrograde.

So weak our powers of vision here,
Confined in Nature's narrow sphere,
Where shall we go, but unto God,
For knowledge which we sought in vain
From other sources, while perplexed we trod
The path of mental pain?

For not in strength which we possess,
Lies any hope of true success,
But trusting in that power alone
Where uncreated good resides,
Through faith we claim the strength of God our own;
And wisdom that abides!

THE MINISTRY OF SUFFERING

Have you thirsted for the fountain,
Where the weary long to drink,
Trying hard to scale the mountain
When you scarce could see or think?

When you felt the load you carried,
Was beyond your strength to bear,
And with weary feet you tarried,
While you sought relief in prayer?

Were you ever borne with trouble,
Bringing grief beyond control,
While your conflicts seemed to double,
As they pressed upon your soul?

Have you wept through bitter anguish,
Which you feared would never cease,
When your spirit seemed to languish,
And you sadly sighed for peace?

With your heart so sorely tested,
That you tried in vain to smile,
Has it ever been suggested,
That each strange, peculiar trial,

Not by simple chance doth reach us;
But by reason of His love,
God permitteth them, to teach us,
What to value and approve?

He has lessons for our learning,
Which we all must fail to see,
Till our hearts are truly yearning,
For the truth that makes us free.

But we may not care to learn them,
Till afflictions, through the heart,
Lead our spirits to discern them
And we choose the "better part."

For the ills that so perplex us,
Bear a message of their own;
And our trials would cease to vex us,
Were their mission fully known.

Shall we trust to Him who knoweth,
How to make them work for good?
Till the light that He bestoweth,
Makes them better understood?

Praising still the Lord and Saviour,
For His constant love and care;
Shaping all our life's behavior,
By His word, through earnest prayer.

Do I magnify distresses?
Do I hear you thus complain?—
“Is there nothing else that blesses?
Is there nothing good but pain?”

Yes! There's joy beyond our telling!
Sent to comfort and to cheer,
In the heart of love upwelling,
When the trials are most severe,

And this never-failing treasure,
Will a thousand-fold repay,
For the loss of transient pleasure,
That so quickly dies away.

There's a life triumphant given,
That increaseth day by day,
While we keep in touch with heaven,
And pursue the narrow way.

Where the doubts no more depress us,
And the sorrows lose their power;
For the hand that sends them blesses,
With a grace for every hour.

'Tis a life where love aboundeth,
And forever holdeth sway;
Where the voice of praise resoundeth,
And the cares have fled away.

Notwithstanding here we suffer;
Yet the heart rejoicing sings,
And should future paths grow rougher,
Love will lend her strongest wings.

Not a fair and vain delusion!
But a life of holy trust,
Where the billows of confusion
Never reach the pure and just.

'Tis the Spirits rich indwelling,
With His blessings manifold;
All the dross and sin expelling;
Leaving nothing but the gold.

Ready now, God waits to give it—
Are we ready to receive?
With the promised grace to live it
When we trustingly believe?

Having reached the firm decision,
To renounce the world and sin,
We'll behold the beautiful vision,
That awaits our entering in.

Have you sought, and have you found it?
Do you know its priceless worth?
Do you feel yourself surrounded,
By a presence not of earth?

TRUE SATISFACTION

Through this world in search of knowledge,

That would satisfy the soul—

Whether found in church or college;

Modern books or ancient scroll—

Have you found in all your seeking,

With such eager heart and brain,

That which yields you—truly speaking—

Highest good and richest gain?

You've perchance, somewhere discovered,

In the depths of ancient lore,

Gems of thought, through ages covered,

Which you love to ponder o'er;

Or in later themes presented,

All you thought could be desired,

Unto which your mind assented,

But of which your heart grew tired.

Let me ask you—not unkindly—

Have you ever made request,

(When your heart was groping blindly;

Vainly seeking after rest)

Of the One who loves to favor,

And upbraids not when we plead;

Proving both a friend and Saviour—

Knowing well our deepest need?

Did you ever come confessing,

"All things fail to satisfy!"

And implore this fount of blessing,

Something better to supply?

Come to Him, and He will teach you,

That which all should seek and know,

And that rest of soul will reach you,

Which He promised to bestow.

Learn of Him and you will find it—
Truth, that all may fully test,
Now revealed to souls once blinded,
By vain promises of rest.
Turn to Him who long hath waited,
To receive you as His own,
Where transformed, with soul elated,
You may joy in Him alone.

SOUL BURDEN

There is a sorrow—not our own—
That sometimes fills the breast;
We feel it most when most alone—
A sad, yet welcome guest!

In quiet hours it comes unsought,
Nor would we bid it leave;
For through some power, by grace inwrought,
We're happy while we grieve.

The sorrow of the world we sense;
Borne in upon the soul,
With weight of anguish, too intense,
For nature to control.

And thus the Spirit through us groans,
In agony divine,
His strong appeals, expressed in tones,
We cannot well define.

It leaves us softly as it came ;
 But leaves us calm and blest,
With Love's own tender, melting flame,
 That fills the soul with rest.

We know not how it reaches us—
 A sympathetic chord,
Within the heart is touched—and thus,
 We suffer with our Lord.

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

Though the years are quickly flying,
 Be not anxious or unwise ;
Yielding up to foolish sighing,
 In the path where duty lies.

Look not on the past regretful,
 Or toward the future sad ;
Trustful always, never fretful—
 Ever thankful ; ever glad.

Only by the moment living—
 Future time may not be ours ;
Leave the past, while meekly giving,
 To the present all our powers.

Be not careful for the morrow,
 But the Master's words obey,
Lest we yield to needless sorrow,
 Bearing burdens all the way.

We belong to One who reckons,
By a surer rule than we ;
Ages are with Him as seconds,
Measured by eternity.

Leave our lives to His adjusting
Who the whole creation scans—
Simply to His wisdom trusting,
Times and seasons, place and plans !

FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT

All the old self-life must die ;
Every sinful thing depart,
When the Spirit from on high,
Takes possession of the heart.

Bringing all His fullness in,
Ever with us to abide—
Great deliverer from sin ;
Keeper, comforter and guide.

Freeing us from care and strife ;
Leaving naught to mar the rest,
Of this all-victorious life,
Where the soul is truly blest.

Deeper knowledge ; firmer trust ;
Fuller life, and clearer sight,
Mark the pathway of the just,
Strong in God's eternal might.

Richer peace, and purer joy ;
Stronger hope, and deeper love—
Faith that nothing can destroy ;
Light to lead the soul above.

Strength to arm us for the fight ;
Grace to help us meekly live ;
Songs to cheer us in the night,
Doth the Spirit's presence give.

HELP COMETH ONLY FROM ABOVE

Hath the world a single solace
For the sorrow that she brings?
Compensation for her follies,
Or a comfort for her stings?

Will she nurse the head she bruises?
Will she heal the heart she breaks?
Or console the life that loses,
When her gilded path it takes?

Will she wipe the eyes now swollen,
With the tears she caused to fall?
Or restore the bloom she's stolen,
Since she held your life in thrall?

When her promised joys deceive you—
Leaving all your soul a void—
Hath she anything to give you,
For the peace she hath destroyed?

Or, when sorely crushed and bleeding ;
 You are calling in distress,
Will she listen to your pleading?
 Will she make one burden less?

When her cruel bands have bound you
 In the prison of despair,
And the tempests gather round you—
 Clouds and darkness everywhere.

Will she bring you back to-morrow,—
 Or at any future day—
Aught but added pain and sorrow,
 For the good she's borne away?

When your heart grows faint with longing—
 Yearning after something true ;
And you feel her greed is wronging
 Other souls as well as you,

What is then her boasted pleasure—
 Which is pleasure but in name—
Or her heaps of golden treasure,
 Or her friendship, or her fame,

But the merest dust and ashes,
 Of the glory of a day?
Just a flame that faintly flashes,
 And forever dies away!

She's the fickle slave of fashion,
 Building monuments of sand ;
Temples fair, and shrines of passion,
 Which her sophistry hath planned.

Seek her pleasures and they vanish ;
Leaving sadness in their wake ;
And the ills they could not banish ;
And the thirst they could not slake.

Seek her wisdom and it fails us ;
And her wealth—how soon it cloys !
And how little all avails us,
Of her honors or her joys !

This poor world has naught to offer—
She's a bankrupt through her pride,
And she sits, a heartless scoffer
While we drift upon the tide.

Why then court her for a blessing,
Which she never can bestow ;
Still her faithless hand caressing,
While she multiplies your woe ?

You may woo her in your blindness,
But you'll surely woo in vain ;
For she'll mock you with unkindness,
And deceive you o'er again.

She has floods of tears and anguish ;
Bitter heartache, grief and pain ;
Racks whereon the millions languish—
Thousands that her hate hath slain.

But a balm for all her wounded,
Is not found within her stores ;
Though her deepest depths be sounded,
There's but poison in her pores.

Leave her wines and sinful leaven;
Look away toward the hills—
Where the dews distil from heaven—
For the curing of your ills.

There is balm for hearts now breaking;
There is help—but not in man;
Streams to soothe the brows now aching,
As no earthly solace can.

There are fountains for the weary;
Fruits that frosts can never blight;
Light when all the way seems dreary;
Life that leads where all is bright.

Peace, which floweth as a river,
God is giving to His own!
Joys that bloom like flowers forever,
In the pathway to a throne!

Leave these plains, where darkness reigneth;
Rise, and seek those spheres above,
In the realms where rest remaineth,
And the only life is love!

BE WISE IN TIME

At the streams of pleasure drinking;
Pausing not, nor ever thinking,
Of the darkness coming on;
Thousands to their doom are tending,
Heeding not the bitter ending,
They should learn in life to shun.

Oh, that some sweet power would wake us,
Ere the solemn truth o'ertake us,

With a force so deep and strong,
That our precious lives are wasted,
With the little sweets we've tasted,
Rendered bitter by our wrong!

For the coming years may find us,
With life's pleasures all behind us—
Griefs unnumbered yet to come;
Write we now on life's bright pages,
Something sweet to read in ages,
Ere the beating heart be dumb.

Learn the lesson time is bringing,
While the heart goes lightly singing,
Through the sunny days of youth,
That the only pure enjoyment,
In the eager heart's employment,
Is its striving after truth.

What avails to us the knowing,
From our sad experience showing,
When there is no time to act?
When our days are almost ended,
And too late we've comprehended,
That this life's an earnest fact?

Then be up and wisely doing!
Righteousness and peace pursuing—
Giving God the first and best!
Walking in His precepts ever,
Till we cross the silent river,
To the land of perfect rest!

TRUE AND FALSE JOY

Why harp we on the minor key,
Nor strike those notes sublime,
Which God hath marked for you and me,
Upon the scale of time?

If true that ills predominate,
And something seems amiss,
Shall we deplore our present state,
And crave forbidden bliss?

Life hath its share of gloomy hours,
For all who pass this way,
And few can bask in sunny bowers,
And spend the time in play.

But, be it so, there is no need,
To mope dejected here,
And court the things that only feed,
Our tendency to fear.

So learn in life's unequal race,
To seek the higher plane,
Where we may meet and bravely face,
Our share of toil and pain.

Discerning much that claims our praise;
Our gratitude express,
For some glad hours and sunny days,
That have been sent to bless.

All days will then alike be fair,
When we aright begin;
And light and joy be everywhere,
Because of light within.

Yet save us from those spurious notes—
 Confounded with the true—
Of seeming joy, that swells and floats,
 Deceiving not a few.

That forced and superficial flow,
 Of empty sounds, which prove,
That they who voice them do not know,
 The higher strains of love.

'Twere better to be sad than false ;
 To weep and never smile ;
And suffer on from grief's assaults,
 Than sing a song of guile.

INCONSISTENCY

We mourn life's incompleteness,
 Yet do not seek the best,
While time with hurried fleetness,
 Brings nothing but unrest.

We rise to scale the mountain ;
 But ere we reach the steep,
Some draft from folly's fountain,
 Has lulled us into sleep.

We deem that life is pleasure,
 And crave forbidden things,
Yet miss the truest treasure,
 Which dreaming never brings.

We say our eyes are single,
But fail to do the right;
So apt are we to mingle
The darkness with the light.

We know the Master's precepts,
In which we ought to move,
But tread with falt'ring footsteps
Through lack of perfect love.

And ofttimes fall defeated,
Through pride, or needless fears;
Repent, and then repeat it,
And pass the time in tears.

We purpose to do better,
And seal it with a sigh,
But bound by habit's fetter,
We stumble when we try.

We claim to be religious—
Have left the world behind;
But burning not the bridges,
Go back if so inclined.

A surer road to heaven,
We then should wisely take;
Though narrow and uneven—
Let's choose for conscience sake.

DELIVERANCE FROM BONDAGE

All passion-bound ; the servant of a tyrant mind,
That sways with Error's fatal rod,
Within life's prison-house, I lay, diseased and blind—
A stranger to the truth and God.

The faint and fitful light that Reason shed, had failed,
And left me in the dark to grope,
While sin and doubt—the master-powers within—prevailed,
Excluding every ray of hope.

Till in an hour intense, when deeper seemed the gloom,
A voice of power and sweetness broke,
The deep and awful silence of my living tomb,
And love within my heart awoke.

And springing up, I followed till it led the way
To freedom, out of nature's night ;
And ever since that passing strange, eventful day,
My way is marked by heavenly light.

C O N T R A S T S

What pleasing fancies sometimes crowd,
The pathway of our thought—
As changeful as a summer cloud,
With little meaning fraught ;
While themes more lofty, rich and true,
Break in with gentler force,
And lead our faltering footsteps through
A less enchanted course.

THE PRESENT EVIL WORLD

CHAPTER I

What thoughts awake, while voices call,
 In harsh or tender tones,
And joyous notes in contrast fall,
 Mid multitudes of moans.

Discordant sounds, with import rife,
 That greet us everywhere—
The music mingling with the strife;
 The laughter with the prayer.

A strange confusion! Who can tell,
 Where lies the happy mien,
'Twixt these extremes, or reckon well
 The good that lies between?

For so unequal and diverse
 Doth all around us seem,
That thousands deem this life a curse—
 A terror-haunted dream!

Yet some hearts sing, while others sigh;
 Nor can we know or guess,
Why time should bring, as days go by,
 Such measure of distress,

To guileless souls unfit to cope,
 With ills they cannot shun;
But sink at last, devoid of hope,
 Ere life hath well begun.

Who, sore beset, at every turn,
Must battle with life's cares,
While fires of death within them burn,
Through never fault of theirs.

Meek souls, so oft misunderstood;
Who sigh, with bated breath:—
“O, who will show us any good,
This side the gates of death?”

O, mystery of woe profound!
And deeper than the sea—
For which relief is nowhere found—
What can your meaning be?

Is there no help for hearts that weep?
Or must they plead in vain,
Nor rest, till in the grave they sleep,
Beyond the power of pain?

O, God! with pity stir us up,
While we Thine aid implore,
For those sad lives, whose bitter cup,
With grief is running o'er!

Who, midst uncertain light, diffused,
Or in the darkness grope;
Soul-burdened, weary and confused—
With little heart or hope.

The throng may pass unheeding by,
Or mock the mute appeal,
From faded cheek and sunken eye—
And hearts refuse to feel.

But who can laugh, while others weep,
Or calmly gaze unmoved,
While sorrow flows in currents deep,
Through hearts whom none have loved.

Give us a heart to feel for those,
Whose breasts with anguish swell,
Lest we should learn, ere life's sad close,
What others know too well!

CHAPTER II

Sin meets us where we least expect,
And we are pained to find,
In some fair life a deep defect,
To which we long were blind.

Great evils flourish in the light,
Where only virtues should,
And multiply in open sight,
To counteract the good.

And some who reap, but never sow,
Seem favored to excess,
While lives more worthy, never know,
The pleasures of success.

Wealth is enthroned where worth should stand,
In efforts after gain,
While want and woe throughout the land,
Cry out for help in vain.

Injustice mocks the honest few,
Whose suffering spirits feel,
The false so blended with the true,
They scarce can mark the real.

Designing men, their schemes intrude,
With blandishments and smiles,
The unsuspecting to delude,
By crafty, cunning wiles.

Ambitious souls, of every grade,
Each struggling after place,
At times, by force, the weak persuade,
To join them in the race,

The blatant threats of anarchy,
In every land are heard,
Denouncing all judiciary,
And voicing things absurd.

They pierce the heart of every power,
And ruthlessly assail
Authority with threats, and shower,
Abuse like burning hail.

Stormed by their rash and rude attacks,
No government is free;
From their vile speech and wicked acts,
Or insolent decree:—

That every ruler, priest and king,
At once should step aside,
And let these lawless lordlings fling,
The gates of license wide.

Who boldly claim the right to sway,
With impudence sublime,
Nor blush to kill in open day,
But glory in their crime.

Nor are these malcontents alone,
The class that feel restraint,
For thousands more as restless grown,
Now mutter forth complaint.

Who, railing, with sufficient cause,
Against the powers that be,
Maintain that more efficient laws,
The masses soon must see.

Or lawlessness, ere long, will reign,
With unrestricted force,
And help from man be sought in vain,
To stay its onward course.

While wealth and labor still contend,
There's no relief in sight;
Nor will these sad conditions end,
Till all is settled right.

Small chance that this will e'er be done,
While selfish motives sway
The hearts of all, who seek their own,
And on each other prey.

While faithless officers of law—
Elected, sworn and paid
To punish crime—a bribe will draw,
And lend to crime their aid.

And evil men, in places high,
To lowest deeds descend,
And pass each claim of virtue by,
To work their wicked end.

These days of tumult and unrest,
Are marked by deeds unjust,
Which fill with fear each troubled breast,
That knows not who to trust.

Portentous dangers! Who can tell,
What yet may be the fate,
Of this fair land, in which we dwell,
If wrongs do not abate?

Alas! what heartlessness we find,
Displayed by human souls—
Inhuman rather—so unkind,
Where selfishness controls.

Till tempted to resist by force,
(As men are prone to do)
Some fail to choose the wiser course:—
To suffer and be true.

For though misrule our ills prolong,
This lends us no excuse,
To seek our rights by doing wrong,
To lessen the abuse.

Nor should we undertake by might,
To turn aside the stroke,
But wait and trust the power of right,
To break oppression's yoke.

And yet, most deeply we deplore,
The straitened lot of some,
Who tramp, half clad, the country o'er,
With neither food nor home.

Who spurred by awful sense of need—
With none to heed their cry—
May yield, through want, to some rash deed,
Or curse mankind and die.

So moves the world toward its end—
As every age has done—
Where weal and woe shall strangely blend,
Till Time's sad course is run.

CHAPTER III

So much confusion now prevails;
And much delusion too,
Through learning, which our faith assails,
We scarce know what to do.

And few can tell which way to turn,
To find a safe retreat;
So much, alas! we must unlearn,
Or hold as incomplete.

Yet there's a place where we may rest,
Unharm'd by Error's power,
And build, as on a rock—and test,
The isms of the hour.

A refuge from the deepest plots,
That artful men devise;
With power to cope with vainest thoughts,
And penetrate their lies.

Where God's sure rule may be applied,
By which to test the creeds;
For by beliefs must men be tried,
As well as by their deeds.

The times demand the utmost care,
Concerning what to trust,
And in our choice we must beware
Of that which seemeth just.

For some with bold presumption stalk,
In robes of borrowed light,
And counterfeit a holy walk,
With hearts as dark as night.

Brain-cultured ministers of doubt,
By many well received,
Before the world go in and out,
Deceiving and deceived.

Uncalled of God; by Him untaught;
Self-constituted lords;
Corrupt of heart, unsound in thought,
But plausible in words.

On errands of self-seeking bent,
They make a vain display,
Of pious wisdom, only meant,
To lead their dupes astray.

Whose subtle sins cause no alarm,
Because with good combined,
Yet holding greater power for harm,
By being so refined.

Who preach a gospel, fair and smooth,
Declaring love their theme;
But it is spurious, though it soothe,
Like some delusive dream.

With much humanitarian zeal,
They aim to put it forth,
And to their hearers hearts appeal,
To magnify its worth.

But sentiments howe'er so fine,
And beautiful they be,
Made substitutes for love divine,
But breed idolatry.

For proper love from man to man,
Through hearts can never flow,
Who would reverse the Saviour's plan,
Or seek its overthrow.

"Love God," He says, "with all thy heart,
And mind and strength"—and then,
Art thou prepared to do thy part,
In truly loving men.

Such love do none possess, innate;
Its source is from above;
And all attempts to imitate,
But counterfeits will prove.

In ways untrue, that seemeth right,
Such leaders seek to guide—
Call evil good, and darkness light,
And simple faith deride.

They seek for wisdom, like the Greeks,
And boast their love of truth,
Proclaiming from the highest peaks:—
“The world is in its youth!”

And think that truth is only got,
By seeking something new,
And favor nothing that will not
The present truths undo.

Now these are pure destructionists;
Dogmatic and self-willed,
Who labor as obstructionists,
And neither plant nor build.

Who, if they would but turn to God,
Would find the truth in Him,
And save a useless search abroad,
With Nature's light so dim.

And God, if He be God, must be,
The source of everything;
Then why not ask of Him, and see,
What answer it would bring?

And meet the light, and thereby know,
A secret yet untaught;
When through the heart and brain would flow,
A richer flood of thought.

CHAPTER IV.

In these last days—these perilous days,
When boastful men and proud—
Vain of their godless words and ways;
High-minded, lewd and loud;

Throng all our ways, and ply their arts,
To injure and undo,
Or fill with doubt the minds and hearts,
Of those who would be true.

What need of constant, patient care,
And calm and reverend thought,
And daily watching unto prayer,
That we be rightly taught,

Not through the brains and lips of men,
But from the changeless Word:
Let God himself, unfold the plan;
His voice o'er all be heard.

Men make opinions, but the truth,
From God doth emanate;
So learn this fact, ignored in youth,
That notions have no weight.

And though we gladly take the light,
Through channels He may choose—
However humble in our sight—
And nothing good refuse,

We know no good apart from God ;
Howe'er so good it seem,
And native virtues men applaud,
Are born of self-esteem.

Lord, give us earnest hearts to seek,
And ready minds to take,
The truth from Thee, and boldly speak,
In love, for truth's own sake.

And while we would not harshly judge,
Or clamor to control,
The thoughts of men, or hold a grudge
'Gainst any living soul.

Nor speak in harsh or slighting terms,
Of persons, church or creed,
But when assured the Word confirms
The truth for which we plead,

We would be faithless to our trust
The message to withhold,
And therefore speak, for speak we must,
Though we be counted bold.

CHAPTER V

"The world grows better!"—so men teach;
"Amen!" the world replies,
And crowns as prophets those who preach,
To please the worldly wise.

If what they say indeed be true,
The Word should teach the same ;
Or should the Book be writ anew,
And this conceit proclaim ?

“This present evid world,” it reads,
And this we feel is true ;
And so despite the modern creeds,
We hold the Scripture view.

Long as the present age shall last,
The world must reap in tears,
And sin abound, as in the past,
Till Christ again appears.

And God’s sure Word be still our guide,
Though men its claims ignore ;
And from its precepts turn aside,
Beguiled by human lore.

With wails of woe, the age shall end—
For thus the King hath said—
And awful wrath will yet descend,
And o’er the nations spread.

It will not better grow—but worse,
With daring deeds of sin,
Till Christ himself shall end the curse,
And bring His Kingdom in.

And little faith, He then will find—
For so His word implies—
When He returns in power to bind,
The wicked king of lies.

Nor will this bring release to all;
For many then will pray,
The mountains and the rocks to fall,
And hide them, in that day.

There is no need that each detail,
Should be recounted here,
For time, at last, will lift the veil,
And let the truth appear.

These facts to this proud world apply,
But men refuse to heed,
Or steel their hearts and pass them by,
To gratify their greed—

A greed of knowledge, wealth or power—
It matters little what—
If they succeed, in pride they tower,
And boast superior thought.

And that bright side which men behold,
Is but the glittering shine
Of vain display, and not the gold,
Of good from Virtue's mine.

CHAPTER VI

The days are rife, in which we live,
With science, wealth and art;
But pause, lest unto these we give,
The worship of the heart.

And think—for God intends we should—
And magnify His name,
Above the choicest earthly good,
Whatever be its claim.

Seek for thyself, and know the facts,
Unpleasant though they be;
And learn to meet the blind attacks,
Of men who will not see.

We know that knowledge doth increase;
Will virtue keep in pace?
Or crimes, and nameless evils cease,
Or vice conceal her face?

Plans shall in vain be multiplied,
This evil tide to stay:
Men still will curse dissatisfied,
And few will learn to pray.

For in reforms of every sort,
The Tempter, in disguise,
Leads zealous workers to resort,
To methods most unwise.

Till God o'erthrows the cherished schemes,
Which human pride exalts,
And brings to naught utopian dreams,
Unscriptural and false.

In speaking thus we do not seek,
Men's motives to impugn;
But all their plans, well meant, are weak,
And all must fail full soon

There is no hope! There cannot be
In all of good we know,
Nor help in anything we see,
Devised by man below,

To leaven, as they fondly dream,
With principles of right,
The world of wrong, borne on a stream,
That soon must end in night.

Yet hope with platitudes to lift
Up to the throne of God,
The masses, who unconscious, drift,
Toward an ocean broad,

Of deeper unbelief and sin;
Self-righteousness and pride,
Ignoring facts which enter in,
And show a darker side.

Christ only can our hopes fulfill;
For Him alone we wait,
To cope triumphantly with ill,
And sin eradicate.

And this He waits to do for all,
This moment, if they will
But heed His voice, and meet the call,
His mandates to fulfill.

While such as turn away and scorn
The help He offers here,
Will wish that they had ne'er been born
When He shall reappear.

But Satan rules the world to-day,
Inspiring men to teach,
That they have found a better way,
Eternal good to reach.

CHAPTER VII

Seems this a pessimistic view ;
Too sad to dwell upon ?
And yet the picture is most true—
In nothing overdrawn.

But night, ere long, will pass away—
What joy that thought should bring !
The clouds will part, and some glad day,
The world shall see her King.

Hope looks and waits, with longing eye,
To hail that day's approach,
While faith forsee's its coming nigh,
To end the world's reproach.

And it will come ! We know not when—
But know the promise true :
That earth will be as Eden then
And man be perfect too !

The weak no more, will fear the strong ;
For all will cease from sin,
With truth triumphant over wrong,
And love enthroned within.

A reign of universal peace,
His presence will proclaim ;
Then doubt shall die and error cease,
And evil hide in shame.

Haste on thy wings, thou joyous hour,
When all shall love the right,
When Christ shall rule the world in power
And be its only light !

THINGS SEEN AND UNSEEN

We may not know the joys that come,
To other hearts and lives,
Nor taste the anguish felt by some,
Where scarce a hope survives.

Yet all have felt the touch of care,
Or found their pathway strewn,
With many a thorn, while things most fair,
Have perished all too soon.

Joys born of earth, whose sweets beguile,
Are never what they seem,
And though they charm us for awhile,
They vanish like a dream.

And while the heart unduly craves,
The pleasures time may give,
We sink ere long, the helpless slaves
Of that for which we live.

Then lean not on the transient things,
That spring from nature's soil,
Nor trust the treasures that take wings,
And mock our anxious toil.

Seek richer fruit, on higher ground,
And drink from deeper wells,
Enduring pleasures that abound,
In measure that excels.

Seek Him who is the choicest good ;
From whom the lesser flows,
And grace to cherish as we should
Each blessing He bestows.

With what we have, contented here,
Our full reward await ;
Well pleased to fill the humble sphere,
Where love may dominate.

With heart's affections centered where
Our treasures have been laid,
And find, at last, an entrance there,
Where glories never fade.

DIVINE LOVE

The way more excellent is shown,
That leads to light above ;
The path of power, to faith made known—
The royal way of love.

With tongues of angels and of men,
We might the whole world move,
And be but tinkling symbals, then,
Through want of this great love.

Our boasted knowledge, works and faith,
Will not avail, alas!
And lacking love, the Scripture saith,
We are as sounding brass.

Prophetic gifts and ready tongue,
With power to understand,
And search all mysteries among,
May be at our command,

And we possess all these, yet know,
If we're devoid of love,
'Twill profit nothing here below,
All lesser good to prove.

Love seeketh not her own to find,
Though oftentimes thus invoked;
She suffers long, and still is kind,
And never is provoked.

She speaks with tender, winning voice,
In words which leave no sting,
But lives to hopefully rejoice,
And bear with everything.

No evil thoughts invade her mind,
Her spotless soul to stain,
To vaunt herself she's not inclined—
All gentle, meek and plain.

In her no envy finds a place ;
Nor self-exalting pride,
But with a calm and lowly grace,
She would unseen abide.

This is indeed the highest good,
God doth to men bestow ;
The strongest bond of brotherhood
Our lives on earth can know.

O, gracious Lord, 'Thou art all love !
And we would live like Thee :
As 'Thou art in the world above,
Make us on earth to be.

This matchless grace, O Saviour give !
Our souls great need supply ;
Impart Thy nature, and we live—
Without it we must die !

FROM WHENCE?

Do I but dream, vague, idle dreams,
While penning at my leisure,
The meagre thoughts that clothe my themes,
In such imperfect measure ?

Is all my thinking fancy taught ?
Is all my rhyming folly ?
Some lines are traced with feeling thought,
And some with melancholy.

I would not voice a strain of doubt,
To mar life's dream of beauty,
But drive all care forever out,
With songs of faith and duty.

That all the notes that upward rise,
May blend with strains of gladness,
Caught from the anthems of the skies,
To soothe away life's sadness.

And realize that from Love's throne,
Through fellowship with heaven,
Comes this sweet power by grace alone,
In fullest measure given.

LIKE THE PATTERN

Whatever I may do, or fail to do, my Lord!
I pray Thee let me be—according to Thy Word—
Like Thee; and let my doings, spring from what I am
Through grace, aspiring not to do great things; but calm,
And trustingly to wait Thy will; not seeking place,
Nor power, nor anything apart from Thee—just grace
To keep me meek, considerate and kind to all;
Through everything responsive to Thy Spirit's call;
Well satisfied with consciousness of being true
To all convictions; and obeying light, pursue
The way by Thee ordained, that lifts the soul above
The transient things of earth, and fills the heart with love.
Appoint to me the work Thou hast for me to do;
Assign to me my place, and keep me calm and true;
And be it great or small, help me, whate'er Thy plan—
Through grace—to humbly be and do the best I can.

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT

There is a voice divine that ever seeks,
To woo us from the things of time,
And blest are they, who hearken when it speaks,
Its messages sublime.

And everywhere, where'er hearts have strayed,
With patient love it finds its way,
Proclaiming:—"Peace on earth, with man is made;
Be reconciled to-day!"

O, God, thy messages of truth are sweet!
In strongest note, or tenderest tone;
And will Thou not the wayward still entreat,
And plead with hearts of stone?

Call up through shaded lane, and crowded mart,
To choose with Thee, the thing that's best,
Till in the great forever of Thy heart,
We find our place of rest.

INTERCESSION

O fill my soul with that sweet sorrow, Lord!
That stirred within thine own sad spirit when
Thou didst o'er proud Jerusalem lament!
Grant me a measure of that grief to feel,
That broke thy tender heart on Calvary's tree;
And let me o'er a wrecked and lost world weep,
Yet joy, to be thought worthy thus to share
In Love's high ministry of suffering!
Weep through me Lord, and let my spirit be,
Made strong through fellowship of tears with Thee!

A MESSAGE TO THE CARELESS

Say! What's the reward of the winner,
Who strives for the laurels of fame?
Or the good that accrues to the sinner
Whose pleasures are purchased with shame?

While time, with its scenes ever shifting,
Holds visions, delusive and fair,
On the stream of neglect art thou drifting,
To sink in a sea of despair?

A night cometh on with its weeping!
The day of the Lord is at hand!
Then what of the vigils we're keeping?
And where in the ranks do we stand?

The vanities here that elate us,
Are food for the canker and rust,
And days that are dark must await us—
Poor perishing worms of the dust,

If love doth not find us repentent,
And pardon provide a retreat,
From the power of the law, unrelentent,
Which justice demands us to meet.

Awake from the slumbers that bind thee!
And fly for thy life to the blood,
Ere the night that is coming shall find thee
A prey to its merciless flood!

For, Oh, to be lost and not know it!
To drift with the tide of the years,
Through the gateway of death—and below it—
To find but a region of tears!

DEPRAVITY

Man, through his fallen nature, vile,
Without an effort drifts to hell;
Sin's presence working all the while,
Light's first approaches to repel.

The good he sees, and oft admires,
Is foreign to the native soil
Of his dark heart, where foul desires,
Like deadly serpents creep and coil.

Unaided nature cannot reach,
The lofty standard God erects,
And this sad failure ought to teach,
Sin's awful power, and dread effects.

It is a principle innate,
Which works, like leaven, through the whole,
Till all the being, soon or late,
Is subject to its vile control.

Yet, how the human seeks to build
On its dead self—a worthless thing—
With vain and subtlest reasonings filled,
From which its false conclusions spring.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

There comes to my soul from the regions of light,
A sweet, inexpressable calm,
Inspiring a song when I wake in the night,
Like the strains of a beautiful psalm.

A WARNING VOICE

Awake! Awake! The day is dawning,
When men shall sleep no more!
When breaks the light of God's great morning,
On a sea without a shore!

Awake, and heed the voice that calleth,
Adown through the world's highway,
Foretelling the fate that befalleth,
The souls that refuse to obey!

Awake! Awake! and heed the warning,
Ere time shall no more be;
Ere the sun of life's fair morning,
Shall set on a shoreless sea.

A MORAL WRECK

Go back to-day, in tender thought,
Beside thy mother's knee,
And think on all that time hath wrought,
And face the yet-to-be.

And tell me, is it worth the while,
To waste the precious years,
With just the memory of her smile,
To mitigate thy tears?

With knowledge that thy sad career,
To deeper depths will tend,
And fill the measure, tasted here,
Of woes that never end.

How oft-times in her thought she traced,
Thy wandering footsteps through,
The scenes defiling and unchased,
That guilty souls pursue.

And thou hast paused in such an hour,
While conscience woke within;
But still lured on by some vile power,
Thou couldst not break from sin.

But there is One, more tender still,
Who yearns with stronger love,
And pleads for thy surrendered will,
To choose the things above.

Then heed that call, thou wayward one!
And seek the blessed light,
Ere Time's dark stream shall bear thee on,
To realms of endless night.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE

The pang that sorrow sometimes brings,
Is more than hearts can bear,
When love itself developes stings,
That goad them to despair.

And brooding o'er their wretched lot,
They court death's lingering call,
To sleep in some secluded spot,
And there forget it all.

And when death's arrow speeds too slow,
 To ease their mental strife,
Grief's victim deals himself the blow
 That ends this present life.

To find in spheres beyond the tomb,
 That death brings no release,
But only opes the gates of doom,
 To woes that never cease.

Alone, unsummoned, can we dare,
 To loose from Time's dull shore,
And venture out—we know not where—
 To drift forevermore?

What spell possessed and spurred thee on,
 To break life's brittle thread,
And launch thy helmless bark upon,
 The ocean of the dead?

Sad was that bold attempt of thine,
 To stay thy fleeting breath,
And thus by one rash act consign,
 Thy soul to endless death,

But God in love did thwart thy plan,
 And call thee back to earth,
That thou, henceforth, a wiser man,
 Might learn thy being's worth.

And since He kindly bids thee live,
 Let Him possess the whole,
And from this moment freely give,
 Thy powers to His control.

And know that He, beyond all doubt,
Hath nobler ends for thee ;
And let Him lead thee gently out,
By ways thou canst not see.

To bask in light, whose quickening rays,
Shed from the lamp of truth,
Shall make thy residue of days,
As happy as thy youth.

THE ONCOMING STORM

On the crumbling brow of the dissolute world, I stand,
And gaze on the face of the oncoming tide,
Whose billows of blight, with fury shall sweep o'er the land—
Relentless, destructive, far-reaching and wide.

With moral pollution unchecked—its sin without shame—
Growing wider and deeper, as time speeds away,
Till it eats like a canker, and burns like a flame,
In the heart of each kingdom and nation to-day.

Growing ripe for the wrath, which the judgment shall roll,
On the scenes of indifference, folly and crime ;
Crushing out the last hope from each perishing soul,
That seeks not a refuge of safety in time.

God pity the reckless, unthinking, who dare to presume—
With the proud, and the wise overmuch, in their day—
And mock the sad message, that tells of an hour that shall
come,
And sweep their last vestage of glory away.

THE DOOM OF THE IMPENITENT

Where will the careless footsteps lead,
That tread in the path so broad,
But down in the dark, where the death-worms feed,
Shut out from the face of God?

The voice that is pleading to-day,
So long have their hearts withstood,
That they turn from God and His love away,
With a lofty scorn of good.

With ne'er a hope to light their skies,
But a looking forth with fear,
To a day of doom, they feign to despise,
Which is surely drawing near.

Turn ye now from your evil ways!
While the voice of conscience pleads,
And rise to a life of unsullied days,
And walk where the Spirit leads.

THE WAIL OF WOE

Adown the vale, the deep, dark vale,
Where many millions go,
Comes back the sad, despairing wail,
From out the pit of woe:

“My soul is lost in endless night;
The line of doom is crossed!
And while the ages wing their flight,
I cry ‘forever lost!’”

"O God! O God! Had I been wise,
To see this awful day,
I then had sought, with earnest cries
The true and living way.

And would not now be writhing here,
Shut out from heaven's light,
In dark abodes of grief and fear,
To wail through endless night."

Stay, sinner, in thy downward course,
And shun that awful deep
Eternity of sad remorse,
Where souls forever weep!

A MISCONCEPTION

We leave behind the sins of youth,
To worship at the shrine of truth,
And deem our duty done;
And think because we've found the light,
That truth's endorsement makes us right,
And life's great victory's won.

But in the scale of justice weighed,
The truth indorsed but not obeyed
Must condemnation bring;
And should we such a course defend,
We'll be found lacking in the end,
The one essential thing.

'Tis ours to do, as well as hear,
And serve the Lord with filial fear,
According to His Word,
Which is the standard and the test
By which we recognize the best,
And learn to please the Lord,

'Twere better not to know the way,
Than knowing it to fall a prey,
To some ambitions lust,
And reap the retribution sore,
The future holds for all in store,
Who trifle with their trust.

Yield not to a delusive hope,
That we can with the evils cope,
That in the world abound,
Or with the carnal foe within—
The source of every outward sin—
In human actions found.

Regenerating grace must change,
And lead the mind to range
A higher plane of thought,
Desiring that exalted state,
God is so willing to create,
Whenever truly sought.

For, would we do, we first must be,
And let our acts spontaneously,
Spring from a love divine,
Inwrought by God, whose holy will,
We may with joy henceforth fulfill,
And in His kingdom shine.

WHAT PROFIT?

Some souls pervert their native gifts,
Or hide them from the light,
Oblivious of the power that lifts
Our being to a grander height,
Than e'er was reached by human might;
And while a few, like stars may grace,
The firmament of thought—
Who, coveting the foremost place,
Have reached the goal they sought—
A thousand strivers in life's race,
Have run their course for naught.
For talents which we much admire,
To boastful folly wed,
With basest things will oft conspire,
And fill the glittering path we tread
With jealous aims and selfish pride,
And vain conceits we cannot hide:
And though we reach our highest aim
And gain the world's applause
And leave behind an honored name,
Emblazoned on the scroll of fame,
Because we loved some righteous cause
And yet ignore the higher claim
Of God appointed laws.
What answer give to Him, we pray,
Who bids us seek His kingdom first,
When turning from the narrow way
We yield to a consuming thirst
For honors of a day?
What profit, through the after days
Should we the whole world gain,

Or seek its broad, forbidden ways,
On some exalted plane
If we should find in shades of gloom,
Eternal loss, beyond the tomb?

LIFE AS IT SEEMS TO SOME

Forebodings of the darkest kind,
Depress the saddened heart and brain,
Where doubting spirits are inclined,
To wander in a gloomy strain.

No joy they see in life's dull round—
Life is a tedious dream, they say;
And Nature's voice, a weary sound,
That lends no charm upon the way.

And thus they sigh, and know no song,
To cheer their night of doubt and pain,
Made deeper by the fact of wrong,
That binds their souls in error's chain.

And still live on in hopeless gloom,
Until the fatal hour arrives,
That bears them to their waiting doom,
And ends their sad and aimless lives.

O let us live with highest aim,
A life of faith, devoid of care,
And walking wisely, leave a name,
That others would delight to bear.

"LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR"

Weary with the toil and strife,
Of this care-encumbered life,
 And the dangers of the way;
Oh, how dull, and "slow of heart,"
To discern that "better part,"
 We should choose without delay!

Seeking not the source of rest,
We remain away, unblest,
 Sighing in our little sphere,
Time's vast ocean to explore;
Hesitating on the shore,
 Mid the fogs of doubt and fear.

How can we be good or wise,
While we close our careless eyes,
 To light of Wisdom's star;
Crushing back the thoughts that rise,
To upward look, on fairer skies,
 Where the purest visions are?

We may tread the thorniest path,
Free from care, and fear of wrath;
 Choosing love for Love's own sake,
If we but for wisdom ask,
And the grace to meet each task,
 Duty bids us undertake.

From the low foothills of time,
Let our feet unceasing climb,
 Till we gain the utmost bound,
And ascend that glorious height,
Illumined by a holy light,
 Where eternal joys are found.

"THE WAY OF THE UNGODLY SHALL PERISH"

The millions drift along through life,
Toward the great unknown,
With thoughtless mien, and passions rife—
Irresolute amid the strife;
To every evil prone.

A heedless throng, who thus presume,
To face their fate unawed;
Whose moral skies in darkness loom,
While they glide on toward their doom,
With scarce a thought of God.

The cultured few have found a craft,
In which to sail the tide,
Bedecked in splendor, fore and aft;
Of ponderous weight and shallow draft,
And silken sails of pride.

And old, and time-worn hulk—new-keeled;
Refurnished and equipped,
With all that latest art can yield:
The same in which (with flaws concealed,)
The ancient scoffers shipped.

Who trusted in the creeds of men,
And heeded not the word,
Inscribed by God's immortal pen,
Which lines that true and perfect ken—
The knowledge of the Lord.

They sought to force a passage through,
Some strange, forbidden way,
And did, what mortals ever do,
Who fail to choose the good and true,
While it is called to-day.

And with the chart of human lore,
 To guide their feeble bark,
They ventured from their native shore,
An unknown country to explore,
 And perished in the dark.

With not a friendly sail in sight,
 Borne on the wind-swept sea,
They vanished in the shades of night,
To wail henceforth, debarred from light,
 Through all eternity.

THE VANITY OF THE PERISHABLE

There are sentiments which move us,
 When conditions call them forth,
That are transient as the vapor,
 And of very little worth.

Many maxims, filled with logic,
 And abounding in the truth,
That have sounded down the ages,
 Since the world was in its youth.

That receive unfeigned indorsement,
 For they cannot be denied,
Which, when found to cross our pathway,
 Are most calmly set aside.

For the heart's divided purpose,
 Never can with truth accord,
And our carnal-fed ambitions,
 Keep us strangers to the Lord.

Where the priceless things, eternal
Wake within us no delight,
Proving what men prize the highest
May be worthless in God's sight.

Showing vanity deep written,
On the best the world affords,
And the voice of human reason,
But the sound of empty words,

Touching truths the most essential,
Which the keenest fail to find,
Searching in the realm of nature,
With perverted powers of mind.

While a struggle for position,
And a secret love of praise
But reveal the heart's condition
And its truth-rejecting ways.

With a void within the nature
Which no earthly good can fill,
And a restless greed for glory,
In the uncommitted will,

Comes a thirst for social standing—
Through a nurtured pride within—
That will damn the soul as certain
As the lowest forms of sin.

While the godless world of fashion,
Wins the homage of the heart,
That is swayed by pride and passion,
And a boasted love of art.

But in clouds of glint and glamour,
That allure the souls of men,
Ends the goal of worldly honor,
Whether sought by sword or pen.

And the gilded paths of pleasure,
Or the higher one of fame,
Lead at last to disappointment,
If they do not end in shame.

And the greatest and the wisest,
That the world has ever known,
Have gone down to depths of folly,
From a palace and a throne.

L I F E !

Patient Nature's heart seems throbbing,
With a sympathetic beat,
For the millions daily sobbing,
At Oppression's cruel feet.

And her voice is nightly crying,
In a plaintive undertone,
Like the sea, forever sighing,
With a dreary, restless moan.

O'er the bitter pain and anguish,
And the heartache, and the tears,
Of the souls that pine and languish,
Through the weary march of years.

In their endless round of labor,
Through life's constant, tedious tread,
With injustice like a saber,
Hanging o'er their drooping head.

Tender hearts grow faint and weary,
With the pressure of the load,
And the way seems long and dreary
To the pilgrims on the road.

Bearing up 'neath trials that chasten;
Learning patience day by day;
Yet imploring God to hasten,
With His justice on the way.

And await the coming morrow,
With faint prospect of relief,
While they eat the bread of sorrow,
Watered by their tears of grief.

Midst the moral filth around them,
Which increaseth with the years,
Dark, depressing cares have bound them,
With a chain of slavish fears.

Breathing with a sense of pressure—
Growing evermore severe—
Moral poison, without measure,
In the tainted atmosphere.

Stern necessity demanding,
Much that cannot be obtained,
Yet in loudest tones commanding,
"Life, must somehow, be sustained."

While these days of doubtful measures,
Bring their seasons of distress,
Through the hoarding up of treasures,
Gathered in unrighteousness.

And the mad pursuit of bubbles,
With the heart on folly bent,
Thinking thus to flee life's troubles,
And in pleasures find content.

While inspired by moral madness,
To a reckless, wanton waste,
Bringing future woe and sadness,
Through extravagance of taste.

Till, with awful crimes, revolting
In their aspect as they grow,
Thoughtless masses are exalting
Things polluting, base and low.

Still the world goes on complaining.
Mid the noisy fret and din;
Every law of right disdaining,
In its onward course of sin.

What shall they who seek its glory,
In the present boasted age,
Profit, when the world grows hoary,
And they cease from off life's stage?

God is watching o'er the nations,
And the end is drawing nigh;
Ye who love Him, dwell in patience—
Help is coming, bye and bye!

Some will hail with joy that morning;
Others seek, in fear, to hide:
Let us heed the timely warning,
"Christ is coming for his bride!"

That He find us gladly waiting;
Kept by love-constraining power,
Ever sweetly meditating,
On the rapture of that hour?

Lest the dread of His appearing,
Make us shrink away in shame;
And the thought of that hour nearing,
Bring a shudder to the frame?

O, be ready for translation!
With that happy, holy throng,
Going up from every nation,
With a glad, triumphant song!

LIFE AND ITS NEEDS

The simple elements that life sustain—
Light, air and heat; the sunshine and the rain,
With raiment, food and drink,
Are absolute necessities, and we—
When lacking these—on earth must cease to be,
To know, to act or think.

As in the realm of nature, so in grace—
Some things are ever common to the race;
And conscious of its need,
The soul, that in its destined sphere would move,
Must flourish in an atmosphere of love,
And for its portion plead.

Within the reach of every soul sincere—
Obtainable, through earnest efforts here,
 Of consecrated will—
There must be something that will satisfy
The needs for which our complex beings cry
 And life's true end fulfill.

That which the outward man through life demands
Is gained by most, through toil of brain or hands,
 And we alive remain,
To feed the nobler cravings of the mind,
On mental food, if we are thus inclined,
 Fresh knowledge to obtain.

And if we value our immortal part,
We will not fail to feed the hungry heart,
 With its appointed food,
But humbly take from God, each day the best,
Till spirit, soul and body, all are blest.
 With the eternal good.

THE TIDE OF LIFE

While kindred souls by our side are borne,
On the tide of life—to friendship sworn—
 We've never a thought of care;
For skies are bright, and seas are calm,
And gales are rich with the breath of balm;
 And visions of hope are fair.

'Tis easy then, with a buoyant heart—
While fancy lures with a subtle art—
 To reach for the favoring kiss,
Of the winds and waves we deem will bear
Us safely on, till we find, somewhere,
 The land of eternal bliss.

So we dream and drift; and drift and dream,
Out on the current of life's broad stream,
 With a smile in the face of fate,
Singing the songs of the wild and free,
Till lost in gloom, on some unknown sea,
 When the night grows dark and late.

For storms will break o'er the tranquil sea,
And scatter the goodly company,
 That cheered for awhile our way,
And bear us on with unwelcome force,
O'er waters dark, in a strange wild course,
 To the winds and waves a prey.

Though we ne'er have sailed this way before,
And nothing know of the distant shore,
 To which our bark is bound,
Yet we dare to risk, unskilled, alone,
An aimless voyage to the great unknown,
 And sail with a faith profound.

For shores that far in the distance lie,
We venture forth, with a scant supply
 Of needs for the coming days;
And steer for the land, where fortune smiles,
Expecting to reach those fairy isles,
 Far off, in the golden haze.

And launching out from the port of youth,
We leave behind the anchor of truth,
 To indulge a dream sublime,
And sail away with our hearts aflame,
With prospects bright of wealth and fame,
 To wreck on the tide of time.

O, reckless, bold and presumptuous soul!
To yield thy fate to the wind's control,
 And reckoning not the cost,
To venture all on a fruitless aim,
And leave behind an ignoble name,
 And sink 'neath the billows, lost.

THE PERISHABLE

The brightest, still the fleetest seems;
 The sweetest, but the first to fade;
And each new beauty, born of dreams,
 In some neglected tomb is laid.

For Time's rude hand destroys the flowers,
 That grace the garden of the soul,
Defacing all its sacred bowers,
 And leaving blight upon the whole.

The precious buds that oped their charms,
 To greet with joy, the morning sun,
Are gathered in the tempest's arms,
 Before the day is well begun.

Poetic visions; Fancy's dreams—
 Sweet treasures that we could not keep,
From whose lost light, a glory beams,
 Like sunset on a quiet deep.

Those bright creations of the mind,
 Which vanish in the shades of night,
And leave but feeble trace behind,
 To mark their swift and early flight.

ARE YOU READY?

A voice from out the distance calls,
Whose plaintive echoes speak of tears,
While sadness, like a shadow falls,
Upon the pathway of the years,

Foretelling us the certain end,
Of mortal hopes on which we lean,
When each must for himself attend,
The summons from the great unseen.

Yet on the verge of life's decline,
In evening time it may be light,
With radiance from those heights divine,
That break in beauty on our sight.

Where each will find a recompense
For all the ills we suffer here,
And joys transcending those of sense,
Be ours, in that celestial sphere.

THINGS OF TIME AND SENSE

A ray of light; a passing thought,
May mock the soul's imploring cry,
With some new hope, inspired for naught,
And nourished but to die.

A rose-hued vision—newly born,
Which seems a thing of beauty rare,
Is flashed upon life's sunny morn,
To vanish in the air.

Like phantom joys, we could not clasp,
Our few short hours of youthful bliss,
Have passed beyond the memory's grasp,
Like some forgotten kiss.

The scenes so fair to fancy's view,
Pass by like bubbles on a stream,
While time destroys what seems so fair,
In love's delusive dream,

Fame's luscious fruit, on golden walls,
Which temping hangs, in clusters sweet,
Is plucked with joy—when lo, it falls
In ashes at our feet!

The flowers of virtue bud and bloom,
When skies are fair—all purple-sprayed—
But 'neath temptation's withering gloom,
We see their beauty fade.

While charms of sense, which seem to please,
Much more than pleasures of the mind,
Soon lost upon the passing breeze,
Have left a sting behind.

The world bids fair, and claims to fill,
Our cup of pleasure to the brim;
But fails alas! And ever will,
Till all her stars grow dim.

Time spreads her stores, and offers each,
A share of every good we crave,
But holds it still beyond our reach,
To lure us to the grave.

With dearest plans, by fate reversed,
The toilsome struggle we resume,
To find ourselves once more immersed,
In disappointment's gloom.

While sorrows, tumults, griefs and fears,
Are added still, to make our lot,
A sojourn in a vale of tears
Where gladness lingers not.

And from the hour we first draw breath;
All subject—in our weak estate—
To sickness, pain, disease and death
Which reach us, soon or late—

We plod, grief-burdened, to the end,
Spurred on by sense of need;
And think, each day, the next will lend
The help for which we plead.

Time drags its weary length away,
And day once more gives place to night,
Through whose long hours we weep and pray,
With no relief in sight.

Yet still the soul essays to reach,
The good it longs its own to call,
Nor learns the lessons that would teach,
The vanity of all.

And through the gloom expectant leans,
To catch a glimpse—if nothing more,
Of ships that sailed for fairer scenes,
But never reached the shore.

With spirits crushed, we plead for rest,
To find our plea so oft denied,
That love grows cold upon the breast,
Where every hope hath died.

At last, undone, our broken pride,
Proclaims, "No more the heart can bear!"
No longer can in silence hide,
The anguish of despair!

And were this all, who'd care to live?
And who—we ask—would dare to die?
Since neither life nor death can give,
An answer to our cry.

And yet, how loath we are to turn
To God, though every hope hath flown,
Till, sorrow-taught, we bow and learn,
To lean on Him alone.

Then hope revives, and builds on truth,
Till streams of joy in deserts dry—
Outlasting as the springs of youth—
The soul doth satisfy.

The heart thus healed, can now rejoice,
And triumph from that sacred hour,
Cheered on to victory by the voice,
That gives the needed power.

Then let not woe thy spirit crush;
Nor all thy mercies soon forget,
For calm, as sweet as evening's hush,
May fill thy bosom yet.

Some gain there is from every loss,
And trials grow light beneath the smile
Of Him who bids us bear the cross,
For just a little while.

SEEK THE BEST FIRST

We long to pierce the great unseen,
Beyond the mystic river,
And know what secrets lie between,
This and the vast forever!

Till love of knowing makes us guess,
At mysteries now hidden,
Or run with eager feet to press,
On ground as yet forbidden.

Till speculations vague and vain,
And reasonings most subtle;
Crowd in upon the active brain,
And will not brook rebuttal.

And errors bland, with mild assaults,
That scarce can be detected,
Inspire the soul with dreams so false,
That truth may be rejected.

For charms which error can present—
Seductive and deceiving—
Lead some at times to rest content,
While in a lie believing.

Some falsehoods ape the truth so fine
That souls howe'er so clever,
May quaff the cup of poisoned wine,
And lose the light forever.

We boast the worth of mental powers;
Ignoring intuitions,
That grasp the truths that vastly tower,
Above time's eruditions.

What though by flight of lofty thought,
We soar to heights stupendous,
The mighty things which mind hath wrought,
Do not to God commend us.

But humble souls that make request,
With earnest expectation,
And child-like confidence, are blessed,
With richest revelation.

For there are avenues of soul,
Through which some truths must reach us,
Beyond the power of mind's control,
That reason cannot teach us.

And while we sail the untried sea,
Of Thought's unbounded realm,
The will, within, must ever be,
The master at the helm.

Our learning may the world astound,
Yet vain ambitions gender,
And human lore, the most profound,
No help to virtue render.

While over culture of the brain,
 May leave the soul neglected,
And transient good be all we gain,
 Through efforts misdirected.

These powers, superior as they are,
 In wrong may be persistent,
And thus the stamp of heaven mar,
 And prove most inconsistent.

Eternal life and light deny
 With all their keen perception,
And hold from us some things that lie
 Within a child's conception.

And may their Maker's claim despise;
 Each privilege abusing—
And God, himself, antagonize;
 His rightful rule refusing.

Resisting Him with powers he gave,
 Is but the height of treason,
Proclaiming such the dupe and slave,
 Of a perverted reason.

Could anything defy its source,
 And so destroy its mission,
Like blinded reason in its course,
 Of unrestrained sedition?

That ignorance should be desired,
 Would scarce be held by any;
Yet knowledge overmuch admired,
 Hath made a fool of many.

Should we despise a thing so good,
Or value it but slightly?
I would not here be understood,
To thus esteem it lightly.

Nor would I magnify its worth,
Beyond what it possesses,
Though great its power, throughout the earth,
It is not all that blesses.

E'en when accompanied by wealth—
Most happily surrounded,
And blessed with friends and perfect health—
The question is propounded:—

“Is there not something still we need,
Beyond life's fairest showing;
And more than, knowledge, wealth and creed—
A greater good bestowing?”

For mortals ne'er have realized,
Through noblest mind's creation;
Nor in the things supremely prized,
Their highest expectation.

Possessed of all this world could give,
Of its alluring treasure,
Unsatisfied we still would live,
And plead for fuller measure.

A higher wisdom we should seek,
And prove, through love's indwelling,
A peace that comes to bless the meek,
Beyond the power of telling.

But haughty souls, too late will find,
Such treasure is intended
For those alone of humble mind,
Who rightly apprehend it.

Yet he who doth the light refuse,
Resorts to idle guesses,
And fails of power to rightly use,
The knowledge he possesses.

Pause, lest thine overcrowded brain,
This one great truth ignoring,
Reap nothing but a meagre gain,
For all thy vast exploring.

In spirit as a little child—
So consciously deficient—
Beseech for wisdom undefiled;
None other is sufficient.

The only power we can receive,
To save us from deception,
Bestowed on all who will believe,
And seek for its reception.

Then covet earnestly the best,
And ever upward pressing,
Resolve that we will never rest,
With any minor blessing.

And while the good things we embrace,
Let heart and mind be heedful;
For nothing else will take the place,
Of this, "the one thing needful!"

And we will surely miss the mark,
And fail forever more,
If we to foolish voices hark,
That set the standard lower!

"HE CARETH FOR YOU"

God's smile is on the troubled sea,
As well as on the calm,
And just as comforting should be,
His voice from Sinai's stern decree,
As in the sweetest psalm.

Above the tumult of this life,
He hears our faintest call,
And not unmarked, amid the strife—
Though all the air with ill be rife—
Can e'en a sparrow fall.

He bends o'er all with loving gaze,
To comfort and to bless;
Through thorny paths, or pleasant ways;
Through sunny hours, or gloomy days;
In gladness or distress.

When clouds arise, and winds prevail,
He tempers every blast;
And every unpropitious gale,
That blows adversely down the vale,
In which our lot is cast.

And we're as safe in His strong arms,
When tempting fears invade,
As in the time when no alarms,
Disturb the sweet and hallowed charms,
That calmest hours pervade.

Come joy or pain, if He is near,
All things must work for good !
And never harm can reach us here,
While blessed with love that casts out fear,

He will not break the bruised reed,
Nor mock our pleading cry ;
For when His promises we plead—
For body, soul and spirit's need—
Will He our prayer deny.

Assured by faith that this is so,
Beneath His wings we rest,
Contented, and rejoiced to know,
What e'er may reach us, here below,
His will for us is best.

OUR REASONABLE ATTITUDE

Could we but discern through meekness,
Where the fairest falsehoods tend,
Conscious of our innate weakness,
We would not on self depend.

For alone and independent,
We can never cope with wrong ;
But require a power transcendent—
Supernaturally strong.

An endowment rich, from heaven—
Till by truest wisdom taught,
A discerning power is given,
And a wider range of thought.

Deeper, purer, all unbounded !
Richer growing, day by day,
In a heart securely grounded,
In the rock of truth, always.

Spurn not then the gracious offer,
Of assistance from on high,
Lest you imitate the scoffer,
And the source of truth deny.

But with humble zeal, yet fervent,
Let the soul with patient care,—
Growing evermore observant—
War against delusion's snare.

And the good pursue untiring ;
Taking up the daily cross ;
Still for love and truth aspiring ;
Counting all things else as loss.

While the proud and self-reliant,
Delving after things unknown,
With a scorn, almost defiant,
Trust no wisdom but their own.

And when baffled in their groping—
Loath to seek for other aid—
Council not with God, still hoping,
Somehow else to be repaid.

All unable to distinguish,
 Light that would their souls illumine;
Yet reluctant to relinquish,
 The positions they assume.

Ever learning, yet not coming,
 To a knowledge of the truth,
Time their soul's best powers benumbing,
 Once so sensitive in youth.

Wisdom rich, whose fruitage golden,
 Grows profuse, to bless and cheer,
Is from servile minds withheld
 Who for knowledge persevere.

Merely for the sake of knowing,
 And the pleasure that it brings;
Not obeying truth, and growing
 In the light of holy things.

Culture, more than truth desiring,
 See pedantic spirits grow!
Elated by their vain aspiring;
 Filled with pride through what they know!

Truest wisdom is not knowing,
 But in doing what we know,
In a way that keeps us going.
 In the path where duties grow.

Not by wealth or fame or learning,
 Can we hope to satisfy,
All the soul's deep constant yearning,
 With a strong heart-hunger cry:—

“Give, O give me something better!
That my life may hold and keep;
Bound by not a single fetter;
All untrammelled in its sweep!”

Vain is the pursuit of trying,
Through the channel of the mind,
To appease the soul that's crying,
For the peace it cannot find.

Seek for Love's divine anointing,
Wherewithal to grace thy years;
Earth-born joys are disappointing,
And are drowned amid our tears.

All the lesser good we cherish,
In the end will not avail;
Every fond conceit will perish;
But this love will never fail.

HIDDEN MANNA

I feed on pleasures in myself created,
And to myself alone revealed—
Not from the world derived, nor yet related:
And from the world concealed.

A sacred something, that within arises,
Where hope and faith, and love combine;
A state wherein my being realizes,
A life and power divine.

A moving of those deeper intuitions,
That stir through all the heart and soul,
A strange comingling of conditions,
Where love hath gained control.

Where inexpressible and pure emotions,
Now burn and glow in rich excess,
With strong impulses, and with deep commotions,
That purify and bless.

Which springing up, spontaneous and unbidden,
Around the heart's affections twine,
And work, a force within the being hidden,
We cannot well define.

True life divine, within the spirit dwelling,
Imparting by its presence there,
A power and peace sublime—all sin expelling;
And making life all fair.

UNOSTENTATIOUS GOODNESS

There is a goodness, which seems passive only—
Not positive and deep and strong—
Possessed by quiet souls, who, living lonely,
Do little good, and nothing wrong.

Inert, and passionless, yet not unkindly,
In all their slow, inactive course;
Dull—sluggish oft—and moving sometimes blindly,
With little thought or moral force.

Some latent powers unexercised, possessing,
And talents which they seldom use;
Content with meagre doing—less professing;
Sometimes remiss, and quite obtuse.

Impassionate and cold; devoid of feeling,
To others they may seem to be:
So unobtrusive, yet through all revealing,
The marks of true humility.

Pure as some modest stream that floweth,
Unconscious of the good it bears,
They meekly do the will of Him who knoweth
What virtues and what faults are theirs.

And may accomplish most by simply being
The calm, sweet spirits that they are;
Approved of God, while we—their worth not seeing—
Look on them coldly from afar.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE IMPENETRABLE

In realms of mighty magnitude untold,
Where vast expanses stretch forever out
Beyond the seen, the tangible and known;
Lie wrapped in solemn awfulness, sublime,
Mysterious depths of nature unexplored;
Too wondrous and amazing to conceive.

Expand thy wings, sublimest thought! and soar,
Into that universe of space and learn,
How circumscribed a thing thou art, while linked,
To this frail tenement of clay, which holds,
Thy struggling soul within such narrow bounds.

Yet moved by strong desire to penetrate,
The veil that hides from us the things unseen,
We grapple here with problems which invite
Investigation, and assay to stretch
By thought, a line across the universe,
To where majestic grandeur has its throne—
To measure time, and count the twinkling stars;
Weigh the vast worlds like atoms in a scale,
And strive with all our mental energies,
For conquest on the highest plains of thought!

Of God and man; of matter and of mind,
We fain would somewhat further understand;
And still of these, and of ourselves, we ask,
And wait from out the depths for some reply—
We hope through reason, or through consciousness,
Or revelation's voice—to comprehend,
Nor deem it quite impossible to know,
At least a measure of life's secret here;
And outward reaching, think ere long to grasp,
Some clearer evidence, that truths now sealed,
Lie not forever hid beyond the reach
Of penetrative powers of finite mind,
Which guesses, reasons, speculates, and seeks
The depths unfathomable to explore.

From Nature's grasp, some secrets we may wrest,
By force of our inherent, God-like powers;
But cannot go beyond her narrow sphere,
The hidden things profound, to penetrate,
Nor tread on sacred ground that lies reserved
For reverend feet, and hearts of humblest mien;
Till deeply conscious of our littleness,

We bow with purest motives to inquire
For truths that lie within the present scope
Of mind and heart, and intuition's grasp;
And then, of all, we need not ask in vain,
For God will make for truth an avenue,
And light and help will reach us soon or late,
With power to climb on stairs of thought, and touch
The unseen, self-existent source of all,
Which no philosophy has yet explained,
And dim-eyed reason little apprehends.

Yet man—the most like God of all that moves,—
Endowed with capabilities to weigh,
The unseen forces that through nature work,
And by phenomena made manifest,
Here contemplatively may sit 'mid all,
And meditate the station that he fills;
And pondering on life's wonderful results,
May feel within—a force superior,
And know himself, through mind, the masterpiece—
A nobler something in a nobler sphere
Than that of which he seems to be a part,
And reign, exalted o'er all outward things,
A king, quite conscious of the place he fills,
Amid the lesser works which time reveals;
Which knowledge of himself and other things,
To which he stands by nature now related,
But leads him to the recognition of
An all-pervading, life-imparting power,
Above all others—and himself—transcendent.

For in this world, where teeming life pulsates,
Mind is the greatest potency perceived,
And, if a greater, then it needs must be,
Infinite, uncreated mind supreme;

And reason traveling thus in lines of light,
This wise conclusion reaches, and proclaims,
This great, unknown, predominating power,
None other than a mind omnipotent—
The God of all,—whom men have sought.
In barren fields of false philosophy;
The Living God! A being—not a myth!
For know you: that the supernatural,
At which materialistic minds may scoff,
Is just as real as are the transcendent things,
That more apparent to the senses seem;
And is—with all its unexplained laws—
But nature in a higher order shown;
And all things visible, the product fair,
Of that Almighty, ever-present mind,
In whose great thought all orders and all ranks
(Held in their proper sphere) are natural!
And though these perish, He doth still abide,
And we (if we be linked to Him) shall stand,
Among the things unshaken, that remain!
For temporal only are the things we see;
But things unseen eternal are!

God is the mystery of mysteries,
Which first we should with reverence approach
All others, in their order, emanate,
In lines direct, or indirect, from Him,
And we beyond Him cannot go—nor round;
Nor yet above, nor through, although 'tis ours.
To press toward Him, and in Him to find,
A satisfactory answer, and a rest
From all perplexities, and from all doubts—
Himself the end of all things, and the sum

Of every good we sought so long, but failed,
Elsewhere to find,

Fools, in their hearts may say, there is no God,
Whose reason doth not this conclusion reach;
And so in this—as in a world of things—
We find, “the wish is father to the thought,”
And God, who is not in their hearts revered,
They soon persuade their reason to reject,
While He by others, (strange as it may seem),
Is termed the only and immortal I,
Existing in the universe alone:
That we are not—and nothing is but He—
And yet, by some strange process, they reduce
The personal, all-wise, and Holy God,
To simple abstract principle of good.

Such thoughts seem too absurd to entertain,
Or foist upon a thinking world, to-day,
And teach for truth, in Reason’s name;
For an impersonal intelligence—
Diffused and vague—is inconceivable:
And God, though everywhere, and in all things,
Is yet a personality, distinct,
And not the weak creation of their dreams.
For if He is not, then are we not here,
(If truly all things seen exist by Him)
Or were it possible that He were not,
(Which thing we only can suppose) then we
(With consciousness of what we are) would be
The greatest thing the universe contains.

What know we yet of life, and mind, and force?
The wherefore and the why of all we see?

Strange complex ravelment of things, it seems!
Disjointed combination blending till,
The thickening shadows veil the objects traced
So dimly by our weak perception here.

For true conclusions, and solutions clear,
We base our hopes on Reason's trusted skill,
Whose penetrative gaze, as yet discerns—
Through scientific explorations vast—
But the dim outline of a region far
Remote, and unexplored; and strangely hid,
From philosophic searchings, yet revealed
In part, through consciousness, and seized upon
By intuition's less uncertain grasp;
For consciousness as great as reason is—
Nor incompatible therewith—it stands,
An open avenue for light divine;
And as a sure confirmer of some truths,
It doth proud Reason's powers transcend,
And lives—a factor in the human soul—
To which is borne to us the light of life;
Else where is he, whose mental scope is small—
Shut out from light that God designs for all?

Perverted faculties, through sin made weak,
Yet still proclaim that we are more than dust;
God-made, with no antagonistic bent,
Each, in its sphere, harmoniously should work
But pride, the great hostility provokes,
And minifies what God ofttimes exalts:
While in each throbbing breast are hid away,
Some finer sensibilities and powers—
Those untuned harp-strings of the soul, which sleep,
Unrecognized, perchance by us, but which,

When waked by God's all-animating touch,
Re-vibrate with a music most divine.
Yet, what a hapless wight is man, untaught
Of God; with all his noblest powers debased?
How sad that he should turn away from help,
And lean upon himself—a broken reed!
True reason thus reject, and light ignore,
That comes through ways unsuited to his pride:
So deaf to words of life, through conscience heard,
And dead to all that can alone give life!
Debarring, by capricious will, his soul
From entrance to a world, to-day,
Of such unfettered thought, and hallowed rest,
As speculative reason never dreamed!

“Acquaint thyself with Me, and be at peace!”
God through His Spirit pleads. Forget, awhile,
The strange complexity of things, and leave
Thy doubts, imaginings, and useless search,
For truth and life, apart from Him who said:—
“I am the way, the truth, the life—alone!
And none unto the Father can approach,
Who cometh not by Me!”

And this is life eternal—Him to know;
In whom are all of wisdom's treasures hid,
With stores of untold knowledge, pure and deep.
Made wisdom unto all who seek His face
With humble trust, and lean not foolishly
Unto the feeble wisdom of their own;
But trusting in that all-sufficient guide
Into the truth—“the truth that maketh free”—
The Holy Spirit—blessed comforter,
And great infallible revealer here,

Of all that we should wisely seek and know,
Concerning things on which the needy soul,
With its eternal interest hangs.

No more the fields of mere conjecture roam!
But leave the regions of uncertainty;
Of meagre light, and shadows that bewilder!
And rise on wings of faith, this world above
And walk with Him who conquered by his love;
Till panoplied by God's strong armour—light,
Thou shalt all darts of error turn aside,
And with a humble courage take thy place,
Amid the ranks of those who know the truth,
And wait the voice that calls thee up and out,
To view with all the trusting sons of God,
The great realities beyond—which are,
The matchless glories of the yet-to-be!

KEPT BY HIS POWER

Jesus, our eternal keeper!
Pleading ever for His own,
Saves us from the ruthless reaper,
To present us at His throne,

And is sanctified forever,
In the hearts that He hath won,
That the work of grace may never,
By the tempter be undone.

Love alone, the law fulfilling,
Keeps us walking in the light;
And we're saved because we're willing,
For His law is our delight.

THE BLESSED HOPE

The Hope of the Nations shall come,
Though long we have waited in tears,
And light the whole world shall illume,
When Christ in his glory appears.

CHORUS:—

With love unabating,
We're patiently waiting,
The King in His beauty to see!
The blessed Anointed,
Whom God hath appointed,
The light of the nations to be!

The theme of the ages! The Lord!—
The same whom the prophets foretold,
Will come with a crown and reward,
And we shall His glory behold.

CHORUS:—

All ready to meet Him,
And joyfully greet Him,
Whose face we are longing to see—
God's blessed Anointed;
Ordained and appointed,
The King of the nations to be!

STEADFAST

I may not wander aimlessly,
Nor let my thoughts go out,
To drift upon a dreamy sea,
Of mental haze and doubt.

But held within divine control,
Where purest feelings flow,
Unhindered through a trustful soul,
That only truth would know,

I rest submissive, calm and still,
Attentive to Love's voice;
A willing captive to that will,
Which now is all my choice.

And how unspeakably rich,
Is every gleam of light,
That falls upon my pathway, which,
Leads ever to the right.

FOUR ESSENTIAL LOOKS

Look backward to the cross and see,
Where Jesus died to save
Thy captive soul, and set it free,
To triumph o'er the grave!

Look upward to the throne of grace,
Where now He intercedes!
And mark the sweetness of that face,
That with the Father pleads!

Look now within, and see Him there!
Enthroned upon thy heart—
The Holy One—exceeding fair,
Who loves thee as thou art.

Then look toward the parting cloud,
To see the Lord descend!
Whose welcome shout, resounding loud,
Shall our probation end.

And gathering up to meet Him there,
The dead in Christ shall rise;
And we who are alive shall share,
Their rapture in the skies.

Where glorified we'll ever sing,
And praise the Prince of Peace,
The consort of our Heavenly King,
Whose reign shall never cease.

A BEULAH LAND EXPERIENCE

Time's most inspiring strains have failed to wake,
My love-lured spirit from its sweet repose;
For since my soul, through inwrought power divine,
Is with a hush of holy quiet filled,
I'm borne on Love's bright wings above all strife,
To muse in calm delight, 'mid fairest scenes;
And wrapped in holy thought, serenely stray.
By sparkling streams, through vales delectable;
And basking here, 'neath smiling skies, partake
Of those delicious fruits that richly grow,

In the soft, fragrant, and ambrosial air
Of Beulah's fair and pleasure-haunted vales,
Where, by divinest comfort cheered, I roam
Through ever-varying scenes of beauty, blest,
To find each new, and never-fading charm,
As rich and true as it is beautiful.
This is a glory-tinted vision, where
The soul may banquet on a feast divine—
Joy-thrilled—without a limit or a care;
And know, in all its love-crowned blessedness,
A peace unmarred by touch of finite things;
But with a praiseful heart, devoid of fear,
(Through soul-inspiring hope sustained)
Go singing on its sweet enchanted way,
Those heaven-born anthems by the Spirit taught,
And drink from never-failing streams that flow,
And water all this pleasant land below;
And as I contemplate this blessed state,
I fain would share with every burdened soul,
Some young, love-tinted flowers that deign to grow
Within the garden of my joyous heart,
From heavenly slips of God's transplanting;
And ever as the days in gladness pass—
Since life sublime, surpassing full and deep,
Has every fiber of my being filled—
From out this rose-strewn avenue of thought;
This rich retreat of fond and pure desire,
There comes a sweet aroma, and a light,
That wakes a passion in my soul, O God!
To mount on wings of light, and fly to Thee
To bask forever in Thy presence!

A BEATIFIC VISION

The fadeless vision of the glory world,
Now breaks upon my raptured sight,
Where radiant banners, on the heights unfurled,
Are shining in the light.

I catch a gleam of beauty from the hills,
Where jasper walls, in grandeur rise,
And breathe a measure of the peace that fills,
That city in the skies.

Out, from its gates of pearl, that stand ajar,
A hallowed light comes streaming through ;
And up the streets of shining gold, afar,
The mansioned homes I view.

The matchless music of the choirs unseen,
Falls softly on my listening ears,
From gilded turrets, where the glory-sheen,
Lights up the lower spheres.

I sense the odors from the flowery vales,
And fruitage of the Tree of Life,
Borne earthward by the heavenly gales,—
With balm of healing rife.

And rippling sounds of far-off waves, I hear,
Break softly on the golden strand,
Which seems, with all its glowing splendor, near
The borders of our land.

MY CHOICE

O blessed Christ, I chose with Thee!
Because Thy will is best,
And bowing to Thy kind decree,
I find the sweetest rest.

All things for good together work—
Help me to prove it true,
And in life's round, no duty shirk,
That conscience bids me do.

I praise Thee for thy wondrous love,
That fills my heart to-day,
And binds it to the things above,
That cannot pass away.

O how I love to live, dear Lord,
This life derived from Thee!
Sustained and nourished by Thy word,
That sets my being free.

Thy graces more and more impart;
The Spirit's gifts bestow,
And keep me ever pure in heart
Beneath the crimson flow,

And all my pilgrim journey through,
The power from Thee I take,
That I may suffer, be, or do,
Alone for Thy dear sake,

And Thou, I know, canst never fail,
And I shall rest at last,
Deep hid within the glory-veil,
Where now my anchor's cast.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS

Angels bear their own sweet message,
From that far celestial clime,
And their footsteps fall like music,
On the tottering stairs of time.

Not the souls of our departed ;
Though we still retain their love,
But a band of white-winged spirits,
From the courts of God above,

Sent to minister to mortals,
Who his saving grace have known,
Guiding to the pearly portals,
Heirs to an eternal throne.

Bending o'er our couch of slumber,
Holy forms their vigils keep,
Through the lonely hour of midnight,
When the world is wrapped in sleep.

For the hosts of God encampeth,
Ever round about His own,
Lest they in some evil moment,
Dash their foot against a stone.

We may never here behold them,
With our feeble sense of sight ;
But we know their heavenly mission,
Is a service of delight.

This is no mere, idle fancy ;
Though we may not understand,
All the good for us provided,
In this sin-polluted land.

They will come again as reapers,
In the harvest of the age,
When a sad, important duty,
Will their ready powers engage.

Gathering out the tares for burning,
While the wheat they garner in;
Winding up the dispensations,
With the overthrow of sin.

Bringing back the King Immortal,
Who will usher in a day,
When each heart, in sweet submission,
Will His mandates all obey,

Then the angels will, with pleasure,
Catch a glimpse of what they sought
To inquire into concerning,
What was in the Father's thought,

REALITY

Spirit of light, from the far-away!
O come to my heart without delay!
And into my inmost being shine
With fullness of power for which I pine!
For the few bright rays that reach me here,
Have brought such soul-refreshing cheer,
That inly I thirst for more and more
Of light that shines from the glory-shore,
With beams of truth from the heart of God,

That lit the path where the pilgrims trod
In the days of old, when the world was new,
And the sons of light were a faithful few.
The need is great, and the way seems long,
And the conflict fierce, 'twixt right and wrong,
And some will fail, in the march of life,
To meet and buffet the winds of strife,
Still blowing up from the deserts drear,
Through the foggy vales of doubt and fear:
Thy wisdom give, for my heart is dull,
And vague and weak are the things I cull
From the lore of time, secured to men,
Through uncertain light of human ken—
The meagre gleamings of Thought's best fruit,
That spring, earth-born, from a sickly root;
Presumptions guesses of boastful brain,
Whose speculations, weak and vain,
Allure the many to here pursue,
The things that may, or may not be true;
But the heart that longs for certainty,
Looks up to the skies, expectantly,
To the One who can alone bestow,
The essential truth we yearn to know,
And sublimer things, to feed the soul,
Than Time provides in her scanty dole.

SAVED

My Lord, if we in truth are Thine,
What power on earth can work us harm?
Or mar our rest while we recline,
Upon Thine everlasting arm?

Make us to feel our rest is here ;
Our only hope and comfort Thou—
To know Thy loving presence near,
And feel Thy Spirit's quick'ning now.

Help us to yield our every thought—
Give up our own, for Jesus' mind,
Who hath for us redemption wrought,
And oped the eyes that once were blind !

To lose our own weak wills in Thine,
Who maketh us through grace, within,
Partakers of Thy life divine,
And victors o'er the world and sin.

BE PRUDENT

In the autumn of life, we must reap what we've sown ;
For tares we have scattered never fail to take root,
And we know in our hearts that the fault is our own,
If our harvest yields naught but the bitterest fruit.

So beware of the false, and the foolish you meet,
And the problem of life ever strive to define,
For the dull and the careless are sure of defeat,
And laggards and dreamers must drop from the line.

When humbly we walk in the light from above,
The autumn of life's like a season of bloom
For fire in the soul will be kindled by love,
And age shed a balm like the richest perfume.

THE UNEQUAL CONTEST

The past was one of constant strife,
Occasioned by a power within,
Producing in my daily life,
The soul-destroying fruits of sin,

Not coarse, revolting things that mark,
A life abandoned to their sway ;
But sin, sufficient deep and dark,
To keep me from the narrow way.

Its subtle power was wrought so deep,
That in my wayward heart I found,
That by no effort could I keep,
From straying on forbidden ground,

Deep was my grief, but deeper still,
The sin that made my grieving vain :
I mourned the deeds that wrought me ill,
Yet sighed and prayed, and sinned again.

Till all my helplessness I laid,—
With every wrong desire and deed—
Upon the Spotless One who made,
A full provision for our need.

For victory through the blood and name
Of Christ, who conquered for us all,
That through His merits we might claim,
Complete redemption from the fall.

And He has blessed me with His power,
Which sanctifies and keeps me pure,
Triumphant every day and hour,
Enfolded in His love secure.

FULL SALVATION

A full salvation all complete,
To me so freely given,
With highest joy and bliss replete,
Is just a taste of heaven.

CHORUS :

O praise the Lord! The Lord be praised!
For all His loving kindness,
My sinking soul from death He raised,
And heal'd my sinful blindness!

Conscious I am of my deep need,
And nothing am without Thee,
I would in heart be true, indeed,
And never, never doubt Thee.

This precious rest, which faith hath brought—
All earthly good transcending—
Thy life, Thy love, Thy death have wrought,
And with its life unending.

Now let the grace of Thy pure love,
Within me rule completely;
While the blest hope of rest above,
Brings peace that flows so sweetly.

All praise to Thee, who sets me free—
With grace and truth abounding—
To live by faith, and ever be,
Thy praise and goodness sounding!

TRUE REST

I rest within the will of God,
In any clime, on any shore;
Sustained and kept in peace, unawed,
While fiercest tempests round me roar.

A sheltered haven, calm and sweet,
Where storm-tossed souls may enter in,
And find this blessed, sure retreat,
A refuge from the blasts of sin,

Long on the ocean of despair,
I, like a drifting bark, was tossed
With naught but darkness everywhere—
Dense as the regions of the lost.

So near the dread and black abyss,—
O, what an awful fate was mine!
If through distress and gloom like this,
No ray of hope for me could shine,

But o'er the sea; the mad wild sea!
I heard a voice that calmed my fear;
A light flashed o'er the waves to me,
And Jesus whispered, "I am near."

My captured soul with power He brought
Out from the bondage of desire,
Up through the gloom which hell had wrought,
Delivered from consuming fire.

SOUL LONGINGS

How I long to be like Jesus!

 Feel His Spirit's gentle power,
Healing all my soul's diseases;
 Bringing comfort every hour,

Jesus! Jesus! Precious Saviour!

 How I long to live like Thee,
Resting in Thy constant favor,
 From all condemnation free,

O, so weak! In faith deficient!

 Yet I love Thy holy will;
Counting still Thy grace sufficient,
 All my needs to meet and fill.

Earth-born sweets, the soul alluring,

 Are to me as nothing now;
Richer joys through faith securing,
 While before Thy throne I bow.

From all stain of sin divested,

 Let me triumph in Thy name,
O'er the powers which have contested,
 All that is my right to claim.

Never since my soul was pardoned,

 When I woke with strange delight,
Hath it glowed with love more ardent;
 In a flame more pure and bright.

Yet I would that love more fervent,

 Might my earnest prayer reward,
Making me—thy glad some servant—
 More and more like Thee, my Lord.

OUR HIGH CALLING

Born for the largest place in God's eternal thought;
Called, in his purpose, to the most exalted state—
Say! Hast thy soul as yet, no pleasing vision caught,
Of this high destiny—so grand, so great?

Or dost thy heart, content with earthly good, remain,
A captive to the fleeting things of time and sense?
Indifferent to thy soul's eternal loss or gain,
In worlds unseen, before thou goest hence?

And is it wise to waste the years, and spoil thy life,
By dwelling in a world of vain, illusive thought,
With every good, and high, and holy thing at strife,
Through empty pleasures that availeth naught?

For all that time affords, is but a transcient good,
Whose source is in the things that perish and decay,
And our best efforts here, but stubble, hay and wood,
Which shall be tried by fire, some day,

Child of the immortal spheres! look up and see,
What blessings will reward thine earnest view!
And prove the grand and glorious possibility,
Of living ever calm, and pure, and true,

In that blessed state, where care and sorrow lose their power
To mar the settled peace, that like a river flows;
While joy, and hope, and love, abiding every hour,
Make doubly sweet the souls divine repose.

Fly to thy rest, by pleading love constrained!
And dedicate thy ransomed powers to God and truth,
And find thy rich inheritance, through faith obtained—
The priceless boon of everlasting youth.

THE ATTRACTION OF THE UNSEEN

Sweet is the charm that mystery lends,
 To unseen things sublime,
Veiled in the glory that transcends,
 The transient things of time.

The light that on our pathway falls,
 Sheds but a feeble ray,
And that low voice that pleading calls,
 Seems faint and far away.

Yet lures us in our fond pursuit—
 Through dreams that nurture pride—
To crave, as for forbidden fruit,
 The knowledge yet denied.

And seek by efforts of our own,
 To grasp the undefined,
And penetrate the great unknown,
 To gratify the mind.

And in our inmost being plead;
 And earnestly aspire,
For knowledge of those things that feed,
 And satiate desire,

Though circumscribed in this low sphere,
 Through limits of our race,
There are some rich unfoldings here,
 Made possible through grace.

For God will find a way to reach,
 The lowly contrite heart,
And all essential knowledge teach,
 With love's divinest art.

Truths from the wise and prudent sealed,
He doth to babes make known—
Sweet secrets to the hearts revealed,
That trust to Him alone.

And so we need not seek in vain,
Some things men covet so,
But by obedient faith may gain
What God can thus bestow.

Not seized upon by finite mind,
Self-love to gratify,
But granted free, with grace combined,
The meek to edify.

RESPONSIBILITY

We count it true, that lives, however frail,
Hold each, their own capacity for good,
And thus responsibilities entail,
Sometimes ignored, and oft misunderstood,

And while we contemplate life's mystery
And that far future which lies yet concealed,
We're building character with history,
Which in the end will be to all revealed.

How needful, then, that we should only do,
What reason, and what conscience would commend!
Live with our thoughts upon the good and true,
And thus fulfill, with joy, life's highest end.

THE SOUL'S NEED

Where'er we may wander, in fancy's broad range,
We'll fail of the rarest and best,
And find that earth's pleasures are trifles, that change,
While seeking with such to be blest.

Our souls have a hunger which nothing can fill,
Like bread from the heavenly store,
And he who abides in the infinite will
Shall hunger and thirst nevermore,

May He, who in kindness has measured our need,
Supply it, as none other can;
For He who has promised the ravens to feed,
Can ne'er be unmindful of man.

SAVED AND KEPT

By Thy Spirit, Lord, that leads to prayer,
Make me as a little child;
Search within, and if Thou findest there,
Aught that hath my heart beguiled,
Wash it, by Thy blood away,
Keeping spotless, day by day,
One whom grace hath reconciled,

Let me, humble, meek and lowly be,—
Right within at any cost;
Let me lose my life in finding Thee—
Thou who died to save the lost;
Manifest Thy saving power,
Through Thy keeping every hour,
He who once was tempest tossed.

UNVOICED SONGS

There are songs never voiced into language ;
 There are dreams that can never be told ;
And scenes that are hid from the vision,
 That mortals may never behold !

For the heart is too cold for the music,
 That lives in that spirit of song,
And the ear is too dull for the story
 That ages have hidden so long.

And our eyes are too dim for beholding,
 That vision that stretches afar,
O'er the plains of the regions immortal,
 In the light of the nethermost star,

Yet a note of that song hath been sounded ;
 But multitudes listen in vain,
And the few who are blessed with discerning,
 May catch but an echoing strain,

A glimpse of that scene hath been given,
 To souls that are born from above ;
Who encamp on the borders of heaven,
 And drink from the fountains of love.

Who are waiting the richer unfolding,
 That comes with the fullness of time,
And to share, in the great consummation,
 The rapture and glory sublime.

LIFE OUT OF DEATH

We cannot live unless we die!
For 'tis by dying daily that we live!
The worn-out waste gives place to something new,
And evermore by death our life is fed;
As through the changing cycles of the years,
This process paradoxical goes on,
And we, with warring forces here contend,
In conflicts which a certain end doth serve,
And we the stronger grow thereby, yet yield
At last, through frequent onslaughts from without,
Combined with innate actions of decay;
And all unequal to the constant strain
The o'er-wrought physical at last succumbs.
Of that transcendent and immortal part,
This truth with equal force applies, and life,
In the sublimer sense but lives and grows,
As self gives place to God, and we decrease,
While He increases, 'till His life divine
So permeateth ours that He is all;
And though here now a dying life we live,
Somewhere a deathless life with God there is,
And somewhere there awaits a living death,
For all who find not life eternal here.

A SONG OF THE HEART

O, give me a voice, and a tuneful heart,
That I through the years may sing,
With a pleasing, plaintive, mellow art—
In strains, both sweet and comforting—
A song from the soul of music sent,
With a tinge of soothing sadness blent,

A line made real, by the conscious touch,
Of the tender hand divine,
On the chastened soul, that hath suffered much,
Through searching fires, whose flames refine;
Till life, by a gentle force subdued,
Sends forth a song for the multitude.

For I'd rather sing to the common ear—
Untuned to the finer art—
A simple song of hope and cheer,
That speaks to the struggling heart,
Than to wake some loud, unmeaning strain,
The most cultured ear to entertain.

DIVINE POSSESSION

The conscious presence of the triune God,
Once wrapped me, like a mantle round,
And filled and thrilled me, till my soul was awed,
Into a sense of peace profound.

Out from the ocean of the great unseen,
Into my longing life there flowed,
A wave of solemn sweetness—deep, serene,
Which like a flame intensely glowed,

Still as the grave, and deeper than the sea;
Fair as the day, and soft as night,
It flowed with a divine solemnity,
Resistless in its noiseless might.

The hallowed silence of my soul was such,
That each discordant sound was stilled,
By that omnipotent and sacred touch,
Which all my conscious being thrilled,

The Father's majesty I saw, and fear,
Was hallowed in my soul, that hour,
When some strange, pleasing, holy atmosphere,
Suffused me in its wondrous power.

Baptized in Christ and hidden out of sight!
Submerged in God, and swallowed up!
Filled with a calmness sweeter than delight,
I drank from Love's exhaustless cup!

Till on the current of His will I lay,
Lost in His love to all beside;
And drifting with a sense of trust away,
I mingled with the glorified,

The vision reached the fountain of my tears;
The seal was broken, and I wept,
While chords of feeling, which had lain for years,
Were by some unseen fingers swept,

The great unspeakable I touched, and dead—
To sin and self, and every sense,
Save the sweet consciousness that by my side,
Unseen, there walked Omnipotence.

He suddenly into His temple came—
And oh! that coming broke my heart!
He searched me through and through as with a flame,
And bade iniquity depart,

And all within so wondrously was stirred;
And so complete was his control,
That still the music of His voice is heard
Through all the chambers of my soul,

J U D E A

O land of sacred memories dear,
Where patriarchal feet have trod!
Thy hallowed names we still revere,
With kings and prophets called of God,

O land forlorn, where Jesus taught!
So long by Gentile hoards defiled;
Though precious in the Father's thought,
Thy sons are everywhere reviled,

Oppression's yoke, and Nature's curse,
Alike upon thee seem to rest;
And time would fail, could we rehearse,
The woes that throng thy bleeding breast,

Thy people scattered, torn and pealed;
From their possessions far removed,
To God's strong pleadings will not yield,
Although so oft by Him reproved.

Yet vain traditions will receive,
And precepts, which they scarcely ken;
For lured by voices that deceive,
They follow the commands of men,

'Till blindness hath o'ertaken them,
While scourgings, deep, prolonged and sore,
With floods of hate, too strong to stem,
From every quarter seem to pour.

Yet once thy splendor blazed abroad,
Till every nation heard thy fame,
And to thy King—made wise by God—
Far Sheba's queen inquiring came.

And all that greatness, wealth and power,
Were but the pledge and prophecy,
Of the vast glory of that hour,
When God once more shall dwell in thee,

For He will yet, for His name sake,
Thy wrongs redress, thy rights restore;
Thy every band and shackle break,
And crown thee His, forevermore.

O land of tears, beloved still!
Thy great deliverer shall come
With trumpet voice, on Zion's hill,
To call thy wandering children home,

He whom thy blinded sons did spurn,
Shall come again, their king to be;
And they shall hail, at His return,
The one they pierced on Calvary.

Before whose face shall stand appalled,
Thy conquered foes, while He doth own,
The favored people He hath called,
From every country, clime and zone.

When He, to all, shall peace proclaim,
And from thy skirts wipe every blot,
Till thou shalt bear an honored name—
"A land called out—forsaken not!"

Then unto thee shall nations flow;
The center and the pride of all;
On thee their richest gifts bestow,
And at thy feet, in homage fall.

For from the dust thou shalt arise,
With God's own strength and glory thine;
And from thy hills, in brightest rays,
An everlasting light shall shine.

RANDOM THOUGHT

To choose a theme and give it shape,
Where method is required—
A power by some possessed,
I cannot claim—yet would not ape,
The manner of the best,
Howe'er the style might be desired,
To wake the poet in my breast.

The sea of thought is very wide,
Presenting to our dreams,
A thousand sunny isles,
Which lure us o'er the depths untried,
To seek the land of smiles—
A land where wondrous beauty teems,
And rarest art beguiles,

So on some stream of pleasing thought,
I launch my bark and sail,
With any wind that blows;
To any port—it matters not,
While tuneful fancy flows,
In measure with the fragrant gale,
Fresh wafted from the rose.

FAITH

We walk by faith, and not by sight;
We dwell in God, and God is light!
And trust alone in Him who died,
Nor have we any hope beside,

The King of Life lives in our hearts,
And joy and strength His life imparts;
And while He rules unrivaled there,
There is no room for sin or care.

The commonplace no more hath place,
Since we have seen His blessed face;
And all things wear an aspect bright,
Viewed in His life-transforming light.

Life, victory and peace made real,
And every good that souls can feel,
In lavish measure richly poured
From founts of love where grace is stored.

CHORUS:

Since God our natures hath renewed,
And changed the course we once pursued,
We walk by faith and not by sight,
And in the law of love delight.

UNFETTERED THOUGHT

Thought plumes her wings for farthest flight,
And freely roams through space at will,
To feed desire and drink her fill,
From founts of truth and streams of light.

What though she gain the utmost shore,
Of glowing Fancy's wayward tide;
Will she, with vision satisfied,
Fold up her wings, and cease to soar?

No! Not within the bounds of time,
With bold, inquiring reason blest.
Will keen imagination rest,
But cull new sweets from themes sublime.

Nor yet beyond this transcient sphere,
Will hopeful aspirations cease;
For each fair power must find increase,
And reach a plane we touch not here.

For untried themes must challenge thought,
Not dreamed of on the shores of time,
When in that far, eternal clime,
New gleams of truth our souls have caught,

Where, blessed with an unclouded sight,
We shall—with no uncertain bent—
Sweep up and on, with pure intent,
To read God's lines in perfect light.

In glorified, exhaustless bliss,
To meditate the wondrous love,
That brought us to our home above,
From out a sin-wrecked world like this,

Where 'neath undimmed, transplendent skies,
By pure, unerring wisdom led,
Approximate toward our head—
The absolutely Good and Wise,

And there, with ransomed powers elate—
Intensified a thousandfold—
The glories of that life behold,
Which we but here anticipate.

E'en now our spirits fain would soar,
To pierce the veil that hangs between,
The present and the world unseen,
And all its mysteries explore.

THE POET

He sang his song, and left the earth,—
To sing above the skies,
And few, 'till then, discerned the worth
Of one so truly wise.

Who learned to weep with those that weep;
Who knew what suffering meant,
Yet sang of hope while sorrows deep,
Were in his bosom pent,

God blessed him with a gift of song,
To sing for sadder hearts,
And cheer the lives that suffer long,
From sorrow's keenest darts,

While melancholy numbers flowed,
His saddest strains were sweet,
Where, oft a ray of feeling glowed,
With a celestial heat.

He felt his mission and he strove,
With earnest voice and pen,
To spread the truth that told of love,
That lived for dying men.

"FAR-OFF FIELDS ARE GREEN"

Green fields, far off, are ever fair,
And brightly shines the smiling sun,
Upon some distant prospect, where
Great fame and fortune may be won.

Aspiring discontent foresees,
Through Fancy's fair and golden dreams,—
A paradise of wealth and ease,
'Mid sunlit hills and sparkling streams.

Hope smiles, and lures us ever on,
To leave the present and the past,
For that blessed clime, whose charms have drawn,
Our hearts from scenes with shadows cast.

While pleasing visions greet the soul,
Whose light we deem can never fade,
We hasten on toward a goal,
Which doth our fond pursuit evade.

The seeming—offering still the best—
Allures us to that fair abode,
Of longed-for joy, and promised rest.
Time hath not yet on us bestowed,

And while the gilded glories shine,
O'er paths that lead to fancied bliss;
Their fair illusions make us pine,
For some more genial spot than this.

For all we here anticipate,
Seems still to lie beyond our reach;
In that remote, ideal state,
So long desired and sought by each.

But while the heart seeks, unresigned,
In no sweet vale, or sun-kissed slope,
Will anxious mortals ever find,
The consummation of their hope.

For rest from true contentment springs,
And love, which thrives on any fare,
With trusting faith exulting sings,
Her song of triumph everywhere.

'Till stars now hid from these dim eyes
Shine forth to light our pilgrim way
To God's unsullied paradise
In regions of eternal day.

U N R E S T

"From lands of sun to lands of snow"
We wander ever to and fro,
In quest of that for which we sigh,
And hope to find beneath the sky:
Contented not in any state,

We still deplore our common fate,
And deem that life should yield us more,
Of what we seek on sea and shore;
And through alluring dreams that ope,
A golden gateway to our hope,
We scan with eager, longing eyes,
The goal that in the distance lies;
And though bright scenes may for awhile
Reveal their charms, and fortune smile,
All that is best to mortals given,
Fall far below our dreams of heaven,
And this side that eternal strand
We'll find no truly perfect land;
And though we seek, we'll seek in vain,
A paradise on earth to gain;
For in no clime, however blest,
Is found the good we count the best,
And ever from some distant height,
Is viewed the longed-for land of light.

ANTICIPATED JOYS

There's a bright land, far away,
Where the flowers are blooming fair;
Where in thought I love to stray,
For my heart turns ever there,

Golden glories linger round,
That enchanted spot so dear,
Where the richest charms abound—
Hallowed joys, that seem so near,

Here my quickened fancy saw,
 Verdant vales and laughing streams;
Nature decked, without a flaw,
 “In that paradise of dreams.”

This, I thought, is Beauty's home,
 As I mused at twilight hour;
Longing o'er those fields to roam,
 Sweet with odorous bud and flower,

Eagerly I sought the scene,
 Growing richer as I gazed;
Heeding not what lay between,
 While on Hope's bright pinions raised.

Buoyantly I pressed my way
 Out toward that glittering goal,
Toiling on from day to day,
 For the joys that lured my soul,

Once within my reach it seemed—
 But it lieth still afar,
Like a dream the heart hath dreamed—
 Vague as earthly visions are,

Still with soul unsatisfied—
 Hope and courage almost gone—
O'er dark streams and deserts wide,
 Sorrow-fraught, I journeyed on,

Till the prospect fainter grew;
 Like some dim and distant shore,
It receded from my view,
 To return to me no more.

But that dream which time destroyed,
 Haunts my wakeful memory still ;
Leaving but an aching void,
 Naught on earth can ever fill.

MY LITTLE ONE'S SONG

There is one glad heart rejoicing,
 Though the world be full of care,
Ever by her bright life voicing,
 Sweetest song and truest prayer.

And I hear her sweet voice ringing ;
 By the breezes borne along,
Rapture to my fond heart bringing,
 On a wave of holy song,

And it breathes so much of heaven,
 That my soul within is thrilled,
By the song to mortals given,
 With such strains of beauty filled.

For she's chanting forth the story,
 Of the wondrous power of love,
Which her soul hath caught from glory—
 From the world of song above.

And the words grow rich with meaning,
 Through emotions pure and strong,
From a heart forever leaning,
 On the author of her song,

And her joyous notes seem flinging
Out a challenge to the birds,
Who enjoy the song she's singing,
Though they cannot tell the words.

But they join with her in raising,
Happy anthems to their King,
All unconsciously thus praising,
Him who taught them how to sing,

Till those notes of praise ascending,
Through the vast creation roll,
With the songs of angels blending,
Into one harmonious whole.

And the sounds of pleasing measure,
Like the sweetest incense rise,
Thrilling God's great heart with pleasure,
As they reach Him in the skies.

THE FRIENDS OF OTHER DAYS

To by-gone days the memory leans,
With something of regret,
For scattered friends, and vanished scenes,
We cannot soon forget.

The forms of beauty that we knew ;
The hearts that won our own,
Have wandered far, while not a few,
Have passed to realms unknown.

Love smiled on each, and all was fair ;
For youth was with us then ;
But some are dead, and some are where,
We'll ne'er be friends again,

For with the years—we know not how—
Some loving hearts have changed ;
And notwithstanding friendship's vow,
Have long become estranged.

Some wafted by a favoring gale,—
Upon life's troubled sea,
Have reached a port, where calms prevail ;
From care and toil set free,

High, in the scale of social life ;
Rejoicing in a sphere,
With every earthly blessing rife,
And every prospect clear,

While many more, who meant no wrong,
Yet failed to do the right,
On sin's dark current borne along,
Have drifted out of sight.

Some, in their flight, have soared so high,
Our lot looks mean and small ;
While others sank so low, we sigh,
Their memory to recall,

If time hath dealt with others thus,
Who can foresee, or tell,
What good or ill may come to us,
Before the last farewell?

But now, from out the passing years,
A remnant of that band,
Unite, at last, with smiles and tears,
To clasp each other's hand,

And though, long parted, here once more,
At friendship's loving call,
We for a time—though brief—live o'er,
Those days so sweet to all,

And oh! what varied thoughts arise,
As we review the past,
When youth's bright visions filled our skies,
With scarce a shadow cast!

Who can define by any art,
The strange and pleasing power,
That moves upon the mind and heart,
In such a favored hour?

What food for sad, reflective thought,
As well as memories dear,
As we recount the changes wrought,
So great, from year to year?

Where are the dear, but absent forms,
We fain with joy would greet?
The genial smile that cheers and warms
The heart, whene'er we meet?

Death, sea, and land, divide us still,—
Oh, would it were decreed,
By some sweet power that could fulfill,
The hopes on which we feed!

That sometime, somewhere—if not here—
The future may unite,
With us, the absent friends, so dear,
That meet not here to-night.

Life must a deeper meaning hold,
From this time forth, I ween;
And after days, a truth unfold,
As yet but dimly seen,

For love a flame rekindles now,
That never will expire;
But glow to strengthen friendship's vow,
And every pure desire.

Wake then a strain of joyful song,
As these glad moments fly;
Life at its best cannot be long,
And we must say good-bye.

Let each be true to truth and God,
And then, whate'er may come,
When life's short journey we have trod,
We'll all be gathered home.

THE CAPTIVE

One thought in my mind, and one hope in my heart—
'Tis ever the wish to be free;
They stole me away with a treacherous art,
From my own native cot by the sea.

Long years have I yearned for my dear ocean home ;
Will time evre grant me my plea?
Or must that glad hour to my life never come,
When I look once again on the sea?

No sound to my ear brings the same sense of rest ;
No scene so inspiring to me ;
And oft as I gaze, with my eyes in the west,
How I long for a sight of the sea !

Each scene doth afresh to my memory wake,
And distance seems nothing to be,
As in fancy I sit where the broad waters break,
On the shores of my beautiful sea !

I see in my dreams, where in childhood I played,
So oft, in my innocent glee ;
And each winding path where my footsteps have strayed,
In my far-away home by the sea.

I wake—and once more in my thought I am there—
And, oh ! how I wish I could be,
On wings, like an eagle, borne out on the air
To my rock-sheltered nest by the sea !

But now amid strangers, and destined to roam,
With none to take pity on me,
I pine through the days for my thatch-covered home
On the rocks that are kissed by the sea !

I try to forget it, and deem that it's best,
To bow to what fate doth decree,
But feel in my heart that I never shall rest,
Till they lay me to rest by the sea.

AUGUST REVERIE

In the lonely, quiet vale,
 When the evening shadows fall;
Borne to us upon the gale,
 Comes the night-bird's plaintive call,

Waking memories in the breast,
 That so long have slumbered there;
While a sense of sweetest rest
 Woos us from the world of care,

Gazing westward, where no stars,
 Shine, as yet, to greet the eye—
Sunset glow and crimson bars,
 Flood with pink the evening sky,

Ere the golden August moon,
 Smiles upon the scene so fair,
Sweeter than the breath of June,
 Sighs the perfume-freighted air

O'er the winding woodland stream,
 Lingering sunbeams softly play,
Till the twilight, like a dream,
 Veils the world in somber grey,

Hour in which to contemplate,
 Nature in her quiet mood,
Where no sounds of traffic grate
 On the restful solitude.

A SUMMER TWILIGHT BY THE SEA

Slow falls the twilight, soft and dim,
As deep the shadows grow ;
'Till round yon peaks the grey mists swim,
While wavelets beat below,

Great, weird-shaped clouds, from out the west,
In solemn silence rise,
And drift, like phantoms, seeking rest,
Across the evening skies,

From far-off isles the zephyrs float,
Their fragrant odors free—
And gently rocks yon little boat,
Upon the dreamy sea,

The sun's last ray has ceased to throw,
Its glory o'er the deep,
Where drowsy waves, with even flow,
Their constant measures keep,

And that sweet peace which nature brings,
At close of Summer's day,
Now casts the shadow of its wings,
Across the purple bay.

Where late the sun-kissed waters gleamed,
And danced with sportive glee,
Till every bounding billow seemed,
A thing of life to be,

But now, we hear, with sense profound,
The ocean's quiet roar—
That deep monotony of sound,
That breaks along the shore.

And since the sun has veiled his face,
The hush of twilight seems,
To woo us to her soft embrace,
To seek the land of dreams.

Sweet, pensive hour, 'twixt day and night!
Though lost 'mid deepening shade,
Thy hallowed scenes of calm delight,
From memory never fade.

Imperfect type of that true rest,
That waits the trustful soul,
In realms of light, where all are blest,
And tempests never roll!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST

There's some strange charm that lingers round,
The place where we were born—
A hallowed something never found,
In any spot, the world around,
That cheers the heart forlorn;
And in whatever clime it be,
On mountain top or by the sea;
On desert plain, or woodland dell;
Wherever man may choose to dwell,
'Tis there the heart unfailing turns.

And for the old-time vision yearns ;
And back again in thought we stray,
To home and kindred far away,
And live once more in youth's brief day,
 That woke with cloudless morn ;
And oh ! how real such visions seem,
While through the years a pleasing stream,
Of fondest recollections teem.

The evening hush ; the morning breeze ;
The clover bloom, and hum of bees ;
The shining hills and stately trees—
A thousand other things like these,
 Remind us of the past,
The purling stream ; the placid pond ;
The flowers of which we were so fond,
That by the woodland pathway grew ;
Where oft our footsteps wandered through
 Green temples, fair and vast ;
The robin's song ; the cooing dove,
And countless charms that claimed our love ;
The roses by the garden wall,
Which smelled so sweet, and grew so tall,
 Beneath those sunny skies.
The scented lane ; the shady nook ;
The hawthorn by the running brook,
And dreams dispelled by lapse of years,
Whose memory fills the eye with tears,
 And melts the heart with sighs.
In vain we try to name them o'er ;
They crowd the brain—an endless store,
Of precious memories from that shore,
Our eyes may rest upon no more,
Nor live again in scenes of yore.

A sound, an odor, or a breath,
Recall those pleasing scenes to view,
As back the memory wandereth,
To days our sunny childhood knew—
Too sweet and pure to last.
We feel their touch upon our brow,
And hear old songs, in fancy now,
From lips we kissed, in days gone by,
When life was young, and hopes were high;
And though the years their shadows cast,
Forbid, we pray! that we should grow,
Unmindful of the past,
And miss that sweet, refreshing flow,
Of memories from the long ago!

ON THE SUMMIT

There's a pathway through the forest—
Where it leads to, who can tell?
'Mid the tangled brush and wildwood,
Where the coyotes love to dwell,

There's a mountain in the distance
Standing out against the sky,
With a clear and lofty outline
Fair and pleasing to the eye,

And a stream winds through the canyon,
Like the streams that glide so free,
Through the far-away Dominion,
By the shining Eastern Sea,

And we hear its laughing gurgle,
Through the nooks where fairies dwell,
With a faint and far-off music,
Like the tinkling of a bell.

There's a magic in the wildwood—
And a fragrance in the air ;
And a wealth of velvet verdure,
Flecked with flowerets everywhere.

And a sense of awful grandeur,
As we gaze toward the west,
Where a flame of golden splendor,
Gilds the stately mountain crest.

And we love at eve to linger,
Till the last faint line of rose—
Dying on the purple summit—
Leaves the landscape in repose.

Scenes of beauty—so entrancing—
Viewed from some grand, lofty height,
Ere the shades of night advancing,
Veils the vision from our sight,

Fills the soul with awe and wonder,
At the majesty and power,
Of the God who seems so near us,
It that still and solemn hour.

THE COMMON LOT

Hid in a quiet, lone retreat,
Beside a woodland stream,
A maiden sat—demure and sweet—
And fondly did she dream,
That life for her would softly flow,
Like that bright stream which laughed below.

But years went by, and with them came
The cares that come to all;
For life to each is much the same,
Where'er our lot may fall,
And that young maiden found it so,
And early felt the touch of woe,

Her case hath many a parallel,
Where hearts neglected lie;
Nor could we all her story tell
In detail, should we try;
Suffice it that the pain she bore,
Prepared her heart to suffer more,

The dreams of youth are happy dreams;
Its visions always fair;
But life is seldom what it seems,
And all must meet and share,
A measure of the griefs that come,
To lodge in every heart and home,

Why this is so, we cannot tell;
Yet know some things are best,
That we may walk by faith, and dwell,
Where every fiery test
Will only prove the power of grace,
Sufficient still, in every case.

THE SKY IN JUNE

I love to watch the sky in June,
Toward the close of day,
Where golden beauties, fading soon,
Are lost amid the grey.

Up where the gilded cloud peaks rise,
To greet and charm the view—
All glory-gleamed, they pierce the skies,
Outlined against the blue.

While soft cloud-fleeces calmly float,
Like amber-tinted foam,
Toward the azure fields remote,
To seek a far-off home,

And as we gaze, we think how blest,
To lie, and drift, and dream,
Upon some gorgeous, golden crest—
Kissed by the sun's last beam.

But transport, far exceeding this,
May yet be ours to see ;
Made rich by a diviner bliss,
When time shall cease to be.

For He who rose from earth's domain—
Borne on the clouds away,—
Shall in like manner come again,
To call us up some day.

And we shall, at His blessed command,
On clouds in rapture rise,
To share with Him the glory-land,
Far, far above the skies !

CASCADE PARK

New Castle, Pa.

Not in the languages of earth,
Can fitting words be found,
To speak the charms that have their birth,
In this enchanted ground;
Where varied scenes delight the eye,
And pleasing sounds the ear;
While balm-filled zephyrs, floating by,
Sigh softly, faint, yet clear,
Through shady bowers, and deep ravines,
Where mossy boulders rest;
And high above, the grey rocks lean,
O'er trellised walls; whose leafy screen,
Hides many a warbler's nest.
How beautiful the bright cascades!
Where sparkling waters gleam,
In beams of light and mellow shades,
That play above the stream!
O, what a joy to bask an hour,
Beneath the radiance bright,
Of Nature's sunny smile!
And feel the thrill of calm delight,
Grow deeper all the while,
As fragrance fills the air,
And beauty paints the Summer sky;
And sweet-voiced songsters everywhere,
Each, with the other seem to vie,
In pouring forth, with joyous glee—
Amid a scene so wondrous fair—
Their love-taught minstrelsy.
'Twould surely test the artist's skill,
Beyond the utmost strain
To paint a beauteous scene like this

Where Nature smiles beneath the kiss.
Whose sweetness must remain ;
Nor can poetic measures fill—
However rich with thought—
A line descriptive of the thrill,
Which Beauty's touch hath wrought,
In this transcendent home of dreams ;
Where light, refulgent shines,
O'er placid lakes, and rippling streams—
Fanned by the breath of pines.

MORADO PARK

Beaver Falls, Pa.

How inexpressibly sweet,
These spots in Nature grow !
And how their beauty to our hearts appeal,
While resting in some calm retreat,
Or wandering to and fro,
'Mid winding pathways that reveal,
Some fresh surprise—so blest,
With native charms, is every one,
That each fair nook we light upon,
Seems fairer than the rest.

And all the grandeur here displayed,
Proclaims a skill divine ;
Diffusing summer glory o'er the earth,
In robes of splendor now arrayed ;
While from the hand benign,
Comes treasures of exceeding worth,
Wherewith the world to bless,
That just and unjust, both may share,
The common bounties that declare,
God's love and faithfulness.

TO MY WIFE

I could all earth forget—such joy,
Comes to me in this hour;
Such pleasing themes do mind and heart employ,
My soul feels gifted with a poet's power,
While Fancy fair her mantle throws
Around me, and the measure flows,
With strains of sweetness running o'er—
So softly and so free,
That at thy feet I long to pour,
These floods of feeling out to thee.

ENTIRELY HIS

Steadfast in the love of Jesus;
Reaching for the things above;
Seeking only that which pleases,
Not myself, but Him I love,
Self, with all things, freely given
Over to His loving care;
Basking in the smile of heaven;
Full of joyous praise and prayer.
Holding sweet communion, ever—
In the night as in the day—
Vain is sin's utmost endeavor,
Now to lure my heart away.
For I now am blessed in seeing,
Him whose voice the tempest stilled;
Lost in love, with all my being,
By His holy presence filled.

THE CHARMS OF NATURE

Green fields, and flowers, and softly flowing streams,
Have lured me for awhile away,
To revel in those fair and pleasing dreams,
That weave their charms 'mid sweets of May.

What sense of calm these peaceful airs impart ;
What sweet, refreshing rest we find,
'Mid scenes whose tranquil beauty feasts the heart ;
Delights the eye, and soothes the mind,

As by some woodland stream, or quiet lake,
The soul in tender rapture sings,
When strains of feeling in the heart awake,
With Nature's hand upon the strings,

Nor can we gaze unmoved on such a scene ;
But feel our hearts within us swell,
While here on earth's soft breast we gently lean,
Through quiet hours we love so well,

And as we here, adoringly recline,
Where love and power are both displayed,
We feel anew a touch of the divine,
And all things love, which God hath made.

AN HOUR WITH NATURE

Let us go for a feast in the forest !
And rest in the shade by the stream !
Where the gr'iefs of the heart, which are sorest,
Will vanish away like a dream !

Where bloom-laden bowers are exhaling,
 Their odors, delicious and rare;
While the soft, plaintive notes are prevailing,
 Of melodies born in the air,

Such a wealth of rich beauty and sweetness,
 Appeals to the eye and the heart,
Through Nature's unrivaled completeness,
 Unmarred by the efforts of art;

That we greet with a feeling of pleasure,
 This realm of the spirit of calm;
And drink the soft airs without measure,
 Blown up from the ocean of balm,

Where released from the pressure of duty,
 We gaze on the vision so fair;
And wrapped in the folds of its beauty,
 May rest from the burden of care.

ON THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER

By the shining Susquehanna,
 On a bright September day—
Lone I wandered, sweetly musing,
 In a calm, delightful way,
On the wonders of creation;
 And the love and power revealed,
In the glory of the landscape,
 Shed o'er forest, flood and field.

O'er the grandeur of the mountain,
And the beauty of the stream,
And the verdure of the valley—
Where the fruits of Nature teem—
Sighed an air of dreamy sweetness,
That pervaded all the scene,
Like an atmosphere from heaven ;
So refreshing, pure and clean,

Till the charms revealed in Nature,
Filled my heart,—attuned to love—
With a soul-inspiring rapture,
Like the music from above ;
And the hallowed contemplation,
Of the Maker's wondrous power,
Woke a sense of adoration,
In that sweetly-solemn hour.

May that vision never vanish !
Nor the impress on the soul,
Be defaced by times encroachments,
While the years around me roll ;
Till my eyes awake in glory,
To behold in regions fair,
All the splendor of that vision
That awaits me over there !

AN EVENING IN JUNE

Soft Summer eve, when quiet skies,
In tranquil beauty bend !
Ere daylight from the landscape dies,
And silent dews descend !

Pure is the rich and fragrant balm,
 Borne up from all around!
And doubly sweet the silent calm,
 That softly settles down!

Low pipe the birds as day grows dim,
 Through all the scented lanes,
While Nature sings her vesper hymn,
 In softly, flowing strains,

Rich are the plaintive songs she sings—
 Though in the minor key—
For through them all, no discord rings,
 To mar their melody.

The low, sweet chime of distant bells,
 Steals up the vista fair;
And faint and far the music swells,
 Upon the fragrant air.

While amber-tinted clouds hang low,
 Along the western sky,
And slowly changing, ever grow,
 More pleasing to the eye.

And far away, through yonder vale,
 The peaceful river winds;
On whose fair banks the balmiest gale,
 A richer odor finds.

While down through all the deep ravines,—
 Where ferns and ivies grow—
The streamlets, hid by leafy screens,
 Toward the river flow.

A lingering blush of beauty glows,
 Along the rugged steep;
But ere the dews have kissed the rose,
 The lengthening shadows creep.

The busy day is almost done,
 And soon will fade from sight;
For in the west the smiling sun,
 Hath bade the world good-night.

The deep, calm hush of eventide—
 Slow, gathering to a close—
Now spreads o'er all the prospect wide,
 Her mantle of repose.

Till twilight falls, in peace serene,
 And from the upland glades,
The sleepy birds forsake the scene,
 To seek the deeper shades.

The murmuring hum of far-off sounds,
 Floats up to linger long,
And sweetly, through the air resounds,
 A burst of childhood song.

Though mingled notes salute the ear,
 The richer strains abound;
And pleasing spots like these, grow dear,
 Where'er in nature found.

A reverend mood the mind takes on,
 While thus we contemplate,
The beauteous scenes we gaze upon,
 Which hallowed thoughts create.

And while we drink their freshness in,
Or cast our eyes abroad,
We scarce can realize that sin,
Hath marred the work of God.

For if this world, which feels its blight,
Such beauty yet retains,
What glories must unfold to sight,
Where pure perfection reigns?

A SABBATH MORNING IN DECEMBER

All Nature's wrapped in gloom to-day;
The sky is one dull, murky cloud;
For summer bloom has passed away,
And earth hath donned her wint'ry shroud,

'Tis Sabbath morn, and all is still;
No sound disturbs the tranquil scene,
And silence reigns, o'er vale and hill,
The cold and melancholy queen.

How slow but surely comes the change,
From Summer's joy to Winter's gloom;
Which turns again, in manner strange,
To gentle Spring, with rich perfume.

'Tis thus with all beneath the sky!
We quickly change from joy to pain—
A while we laugh, and then we fly,
As quickly back to grief again.

This should not be, for we are called,
To breathe a pure celestial air;
By neither grief nor fear appalled,
Where holy joys must banish care.

Where we perpetually may live,
Beneath the glow of Summer's smile,
And to the Lord of glory give,
New songs of praises all the while.

DOUBLY WEDDED

Time's sweetest zephyrs softly steal,
Across the current of life's stream,
Which floweth as a pleasant dream;
Yet grandly free, and sweetly real,

These days, to us, are dearer days,
Than those more glowing ones of youth,
Before our hearts were knit by truth,
That leads our feet in surer ways,

A deeper peace this life imparts,
Than former things had power to give;
And Love's sweet law, by which we live,
Controls our undivided hearts,

And that true fellowship, we know,
That comes from unity of soul,
O'er which no waves of discord roll,
To mar our life's unruffled flow.

ON THE DEATH OF OUR DAUGHTER LOLO

With what language can the lips express,
The anguish of the soul?
The heavy burden, and the deep excess,
Of grief beyond control?

Thought cannot grasp, nor feeble words convey,
The measure of distress,
That fills our aching hearts from day to day,
And groweth never less.

D E A D !

Lolo, my beautiful, is dead!
No more on the green of God's fair earth,
Will her baby footsteps tread;
And all of life seems little worth,
Since the light of our home hath fled.

No more we'll hear our sweet one sing,
Nor see her search 'mid the shining grass,
For the flowers that come in Spring;
And drearily drag the hours that pass,
Through weary days, on leaden wing.

O, empty home, that naught can fill!
Since our first-born darling lies asleep.
While with broken hearts and chastened will,
We vainly watch, and wait, and weep,
For the baby voice that is still,

And yet we know that now, somewhere,
The unseen, blessed regions hold,
Our precious one—still young and fair—
And in the tender Shepherd's fold,
We'll find her safely sheltered there.

SPRING TIME.

Awak'ning from my troubled dreams,
One morning in the time of Spring,
I wandered forth by sylvan streams,
And vowed that I, henceforth would fling,
My burdens to the wind.

I sought the charms that haunt the grove,
Where sweet-voiced robins sang,
To their fond mates a tale of love,
While all the verdant landscape rang,
With sounds of joyous life.

Each feature glowed, serenely fair;
And bright, delicious sweets of May,
With balmy odors filled the air,
While smiling sun—the god of day—
On Nature sat enthroned.

New beauties from the hand of Spring,
In rich profusion filled the land,
While happy birds on nimble wing,
Poured forth their songs—a joyous band,
Unburdened by a care,

And bright young flowers of every hue,
Peeped up between the green grass blades;
Where Spring, her garb of beauty threw,
O'er all the fair and pleasant glades,
And bade the world rejoice.

SAVED BY GRACE

"In me there dwelleth no good thing,"
On which my pride might hope to cling—
 For I am poor indeed;
And were it not that Christ hath died,
I should in this sad state abide,
 Without a thing to plead.

But He that ruleth from above,
Imparts His nature, which is love,
 And I am filled with light;
Not simply reckoned pure and whole,
But in reality a soul,
 Made righteous in His sight.

Through grace my nature is renewed;
And I partake of every good,
 That dwelleth in my Lord,
And while I trust, this still abides,
But in an earthen vessel hides,
 Dependent on His word,

And shall I His great love deny,
And count myself unclean—and sigh,
 O'er weakness I deplore;
When He assures me I may be,
In this vile world, the same as He—
 Transformed forevermore?

This is a mystery too deep
For me to fathom, and I weep,
 Adoring in the dust;
How this can be I may not know,
But now rejoice that it is so,
 And feel that God is just.

It seems too much for me to claim;
But for this very thing He came;
And this is all my plea;
And though unworthy of such grace,
I trust ere long to see the face,
Of Him who died for me.

V A N I T Y

For place and power, let those contend,
Whose souls conceive no higher end;
But still for wealth and fame aspire,
Ignoring that which doth so far transcend,
All that the world can give or lend,
To satiate desire.

Blessed with the gain we have pursued,
This world affords no fitting food,
For hungry souls, who needs must die,
Deprived on earth of that essential good,
Which—be it ever understood—
God only can supply.

We may have reached the goal we sought,
And watch with self-complacent thought—
The world sit singing at our feet,
The praises we have all too dearly bought;
And find the prize for which we wrought,
Both poor and incomplete.

It matters not how high we climb,
Throughout the years of manhood's prime—
Our climbing days will soon be o'er;
And from the most exalted height, sublime,
May perish on the brink of time,
And fall to rise no more.

The soul must know a second birth,
Or languish 'mid the moral dearth,
That marks this sin-polluted sphere;
And what are all the trifling things of earth,
Or wealth, or worldly honors, worth,
That crowd our short career,

If we have failed to find the best—
The peace of God within the breast;
With every wrong emotion stilled,
And more than any mere attainments blest;
Contented in His will to rest,
With holy comfort filled.

But if in time our choice we make,
And choose with God for His own sake—
Though shorn of all the world counts best—
We can with joy life's burdens undertake;
And in a world of light awake,
At last, supremely blest.

DIVINE ATTRACTIONS

Lured by a light divine,
And music from the skies,
Within the heavenly border-line,
I catch a glimpse of what is mine,
And press toward the prize.

MY BABY

The sun-lit hills are green once more ;
The tree-tops thicken day by day ;
The swallow circles by my door—
But thou art far away !

No burden ever came to me,
That was not lightened by thy smile ;
Thy presence bade all sadness flee,
That would my heart beguile,

Thou wert the fairest living thing,
In all this world, to me, my sweet ;
And when I heard my baby sing,
Love's measure was complete.

But now the long, dull days go by,
And leave me as they sadly go,
This weight of sorrow—and I sigh,
In tears of tender woe.

The world is beautiful I own !
And God and friends are good to me,
But in my heart I weep alone.
Because apart from thee !

DECEIVED

Each mortal thinks no other man,
Is quite so wise as he ;
That his keen eyes can surely scan,
What others fail to see.

They scarcely would as much declare;
But in their hearts they hide
This vain conceit, and nurse it there,
To gratify their pride.

And think they stem the tide of life,
While drifting with the stream;
But truth with fancy is at strife,
And contradicts their dream.

They boast of progress, to excess,
And many a scheme pursue;
But blinded by what seems success,
They never reach the true,

To gain the end desired below,
Their wills are firmly set;
Unmindful of the depths of woe,
They're sure to fathom yet,

If they pursue the gilded course,
That seemeth right to men;
And fail to shun the hidden source,
Of ills they little ken.

The higher up they seem to rise,
The lower down they sink;
And late, behold, to their surprise,
Their cherished projects shrink.

Aspiring after place and power,
They struggle to ascend,
But fall, in some unguarded hour—
A failure in the end.

INTERCESSORY PRAYER.

Our heart ~~is~~ with silent grief o'erflows
Our spirit weeps within,
Through conscious pressure of the woes,
That mark the trail of sin.

God's burden on the yielded soul,
That shares, in some strange way,
A measure of the cares that roll,
O'er weary hearts to-day.

The dying millions' deepest need,
Before His throne to bear,
And groan in spirit while we plead,
Through ministry of prayer.

O, patient Christ, whose eye beholds
The depths we may not know!
Whose power the universe upholds—
Thy mercy still bestow!

Lord, save the wretched, deep depressed;
The outcast and the vile;
And every class of the unsaved,
Whom Satan's arts beguile.

Call back the wanderers to Thy fold,
And shut forever in,
The souls that have by faith laid hold,
For cleansing from all sin,

Strengthen the feeble knees that bow,
To supplicate Thy throne;
And make us more than conquerors now,
Through faith in Thee alone.

And with Thy Spirit, Lord, baptize;
That from that favored hour,
We evermore may realize,
Thy wondrous love and power,

To keep us in a sin-scarred world,
Moved by a deep concern,
To quickly through the nations herald,
The news of Thy return.

OUR FRAILTY

To feel the power that once was ours,
To scale the peaks of thought sublime,
Grow weak, and with her sister powers,
Go trembling down the steeps of time,
Brings to our lives a sad regret;
And most severely we reprove,
Our failure in the past to let
Divinest love each impulse move.

God pity us, and all who fail,
To see what failures we must be,
If love doth not in us prevail,
And fit us for eternity!
Preserve us, Lord, and energize,
Our every faculty and power,
And grant us grace to realize,
Thy great sufficiency, each hour!

WEARY

I sometimes weary of the strife;
The heartless deeds and dark details,
That mark this sad, uncertain life,
Where sinful pride prevails,

And in some lone, secluded spot,
Far from the world of noise and show,
I fain would seek a quiet lot,
And Earth's mean pleasures all forego.

No sigh of selfish discontent;
No murmur or complaint, I bring;
My heart on holy things is bent—
E'en at the cost of suffering.

O Lord, "my times are in Thy hand,"
For Thee to work Thine own best will;
And though I may not understand,
I'll calmly wait and trust Thee still.

I do not fret; I would not dare—
Thy holy Word forbids I should;
But let my soul such burdens bear,
As in Thy wisdom seemeth good.

And when He comes His throne to take,
He will with loving might subdue
All things unto himself, and make,
This whole creation o'er anew.

And this, most amply will repay,
For all the sorrow, care and pain,
That crowds the present pilgrim way,
Of those who with Him then shall reign.

PENTECOSTAL BATTLE SONG

Throughout the world to-day is sounding,
God's pentecostal bugle note,
The wisdom of the world confounding—
O hear it swell and float!

CHORUS:

Arise! Arise! ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom's at the door—
Salvation's glad and blessed story,
Proclaim abroad once more!

Above the din of earth's commotion,
The midnight cry we soon shall hear;
Arise, and prove thy love's devotion—
The day of Christ is near!

The King of Heaven earthward marches;
His feet are in the clouds to-day,
And soon beneath Time's crumbling arches,
He'll lead us to the fray.

Soldiers of Christ prepare for battle!
The sound of strife is in the air;
We smell the smoke, and hear the rattle,
That warns us to prepare.

Up, at the voice of thy commander!
The final conflict now is on;
No more to creature comfort pander,
Truth's victory must be won.

Fear not the foe, but trust thy leader—
The Lord of Hosts—just at thy side,
Who comes to win—blest interceder—
A military bride!

And by His power, all wrongs redressing,
He soon will seal the awful fate,
Of demon hosts, around us pressing—
Malignant in their hate.

Press on toward the King's high calling,
With Love's ambitions in thy soul;
Press on, while foes around are falling—
Press on toward the goal!

Strong in the gospel's full provision,
Prepared for that eventful hour;
March, with bold and firm decision,
Armed with the Spirit's power,

The glad and welcome news proclaiming,
In every land—from sea to sea—
The Conqueror comes, in garments flaming,
To bring Earth's jubilee.

CHRIST IN ME!

If men saw God in Jesus Christ,
Then men should see the Christ in me!
For to this end He sacrificed
His life on Calvary's tree,
That we, who were by sin enticed
Might over sin victorious be,
Himself in us to reproduce—
True samples of His saving grace;
That our Christ-likeness may induce.
The lost to seek their Saviour's face;
And leave the souls without excuse,
Who fail His offer to embrace.

O, let the character and mind,
That was in Him be seen
In my poor life, and let men find,
(Whatever once there may have been)
A tender spirit—meek and kind,
Through love, triumphant and serene.

Let no wrong act dishonor God;
No impure thought pollute my life,
And though unknown, this vale I plod,
Where greed abounds and ill is rife,
I'll rest within His will, unawed,
Above the tumult and the strife.

SHORT OF THE MARK

A man may sing of love and light,
And yet be far from God;
For strong appreciation of the right,
Consistent speech and outward record white,
May not with other needful things unite;
And though the world his deeds applaud—
In God's all-penetrating sight—
That man may be a fraud.

We cannot judge in every case;
For thousands—self-deceived—
Who are so seeming good, and fair of face,
And such large measure of the truth embrace,
They fail a weakness in themselves to trace;
And would be much surprised and grieved,
If shown the need of power and grace,
They have not yet received.

Religious to the last extreme ;
 They in good works abound ;
Which in the sight of their admirers seem,
All prompted by a love to God, supreme,
When it is but the fruit of self-esteem,
 Through human wisdom that confounds
The truth with some self-prompted dream,
 With which their brain abounds.

'Tis not in man his steps to guide,
 Or do the thing he would ;
For our self-righteousness and deadly pride,
This truth from us assuredly will hide :—
That in us, unrenewed, doth not reside,
 A single phase of lasting good ;
And we must needs in Christ abide,
 And trust alone His blood.

PRESENT SALVATION

Through the vale of deep contrition,
 To the border-land of hope ;
Waiting for life's full fruition,
 When the pearly gates shall ope,
While the thoughtless world is lusting,
 After pleasure, fame and power,
In Thy goodness, calmly trusting,
 Let me live each passing hour.

Let me, by the moment living,
 All Thy righteousness fulfill ;
Praise to Thee forever giving,
 From a heart that loves Thy will.

MY PLACE

I fain would be a helper here,
Within Thy vineyard, Lord,
And love and serve with filial fear,
According to Thy word.

My best attempts are filled with flaws,
Which naught but grace can hide,
And if a hindrance to Thy cause,
Then set me, Lord, aside.

I'd rather far, be good than great;
If either I might be—
Sink deeper in Thy will, and wait,
A clearer call from Thee,

Than thwart the purpose of my life,
And miss Thy highest thought,
And lose my way amid the strife
Of tongues by Thee untaught.

For should I through some weakness fail,
To apprehend Thy will,
All I can do will not avail,
The humblest sphere to fill.

Thy promised wisdom, Lord, I plead,
To hold me in my place,
With clearer knowledge of my need,
Of Thy sustaining grace.

Keep me from getting in Thy way,
By hiding in Thy will;
At all times ready to obey,
When bidden to be still.

Here let me dwell, obscure, unknown,
If this should be Thy plan;
Loved and approved by Thee alone—
A well contented man.

Or hast Thou other thought for me,
And deem it to be best,
To call me from obscurity,
And make my labors blest?

The powers, perverted by the fall,
In me, by faith renew,
And strengthen me to meet Thy call,
To do, or not to do.

And though I shrink, I will not shirk,
The path beset with pain,
If Thou but undertake the work,
And make my mission plain.

P R A I S E

Turn thy burdens into praise;
Let thy thanks ascend;
Praising God for length of days,
In His will to spend.

Sing it out in loudest strain!
Happy in His love—
Antidote for all our pain—
Furnished from above.

Strength of God is in his joy—
Holy and serene;
Let our lips His praise employ,
Whom we have not seen.

Faith is always mixed with praise—
Praise from faith must spring,
And many a song will raise,
Doubt could never sing.

Let the joy that God imparts,
Be by praise expressed;
It may reach some weary hearts,
Who will thus be blessed.

Thus our Lord we glorify,
And it is His due,
Till we meet Him in the sky,
With the faithful few.

THE LAST TIMES

The evil days have come to earth—
The perilous times foretold;
When captious minds are giving birth,
To errors manifold,
Which cannot meet the light, unclothed;
But, 'neath a borrowed garb,
(Lest they be recognized and loathed)
They hide a poisoned barb,

And posing in the guise of truth,
Are working unperceived,
Till with the aged, as with the youth,
The masses are deceived ;
And gaining entrance to the heart
Through company which they keep,
Succeed, ere long, through subtle art,
In lulling souls to sleep.

And scarcely will the elect of God,
These fallacies perceive ;
So cunningly devised the fraud,
By which they now deceive ;
And thousands will be drawn away,
By blandishments profuse,
And fall, to power of sin a prey,
Through spirits that seduce.

But safety from their crafty wiles,
By promise is assured,
And to the path where sin beguiles,
None need to be allured
Through shallow claims of boastful men—
Blasphemous in their pride—
Who air their views by voice and pen,
To mock "The Crucified".

High-minded, heady and untrue ;
Exalting human lore,
And ever seeking to undo,
What God hath wrought before ;
Concerning faith, most reprobate ;
Despisers of the good,
Who with great swelling accents prate,
Of things not understood.

Forever learning, yet untaught,
In the essential things;
Debarring from their heart and thought,
The light that wisdom brings;
Like wandering stars, or raging waves,
Forever foaming out
Their guilty shame—the abject slaves,
Of their delusive doubt.

Rebellious hearts, to lust a prey,
Who recklessly presume,
To stake their future on a lie, and play,
Upon the brink of doom:
Who mock the counsels of the Lord,
And murmur, and complain;
Till pending viles of wrath are poured,
And scoffers all are slain.

W O R S H I P

Our fellowship with God is such a sacred thing,
It cannot be, at times, expressed;
And we, in silent adoration, 'neath His wing,
Pour forth in tears our soul's request.

Or let the unvoiced praise, He well doth understand,
Arise, while all within is awed
Into a holy reverence at His blest command—
“Be still, and know that I am God!”

How easy in such hallowed seasons to obey,
The voice that calls us to be still;
That we, in silence may the more devoutly pray,
And His high thought for us fulfill,

O what a sanctified repose, and deep content,
As in His heart of love we hide!
And sense the presence of the great Omnipotent,
Who deigns within us to abide!

Sweet consciousness of the Divine—so rich, so real!
We fear a whisper might dispel,
The deep serenity of soul, so sweet to feel,
In hours like these, we love so well,

While we, on His mild Majesty, unceasing gaze,
And wrapped in love's delightful frame,
Adoring worship, and in speechless wonder praise,
His gracious and exalted name,

O keep me still, dear Lord! Forever still and low!
Till Thou dost bid the silence break,
And let Thy precious thoughts through this weak
channel flow,
To voice the truth for Thy dear sake.

GOD IN EVERYTHING

I worship God, through all I see,
That calls my being out,
To grasp divine reality,
Which leaves no room for doubt,

God is the loadstone of my heart ;
My highest thought and theme,
Whose presence doth a joy impart,
Eternal and supreme.

He speaks, and all creation sings,
In sweet, harmonious rhyme,
And through the faintest note there rings
A poetry sublime,

Rich chords, that vibrate everywhere,
Through Nature's tuneful voice,
Which fills with music all the air,
And makes the earth rejoice.

Great poet of the universe
Who doth all art excel,
We would His pleasing lines rehearse
Love's choruses to swell.

The stars proclaim His skill divine—
Amazing in its sweep,—
And voice His glory, as they shine,
From out the azure deep.

He paints the rainbow in the sky ;
The sunset on the sea,
And countless beauties meet the eye,
Of rare diversity.

The cloud that sails the upper blue,
Floats on His tender will ;
And each fair charm derives its hue,
From more than artist's skill.

The praise of art hath long been sung ;
But nowhere can we see,
Such matchless works as God hath hung,
In His vast gallery.

True author of unfailing thought,
In whom all knowledge hides ;
Eternal Wisdom ; Mind untaught,
Whose love o'er all presides.

Thy wondrous skill and master hand,
In everything we trace,
And praise the wisdom that hath planned,
For us so fair a place.

From which by faith we view a sphere,
Where brighter glories beam ;
Surpassing all we cherish here,
Howe'er so grand it seem,

And through the ages yet to come,
What visions must unfold,
In our far-off, eternal home,
When we its light behold?

GOD IS LOVE!

That Thou, O God, art Love,
Thy works do all declare !
And Thine own love my heart doth move,
To trace Thee everywhere.

O Lord, I seek Thy face,
And perfect love I find !
More than a quality—or grace,
Or every good combined.

I love Thee—source of love!
Thou Infinite, Divine!
Since love that rules in hearts above
Has come to rule in mine.

Thou dost not only love,
But Love, itself, art Thou!
And every earnest heart may prove
Thy love—and love Thee now.

Thou art on earth the same,
As in the spheres above;
For all Thy nature, and Thy name,
Forevermore is Love!

O God of boundless love!
I love alone but Thee,
With Thine own love, sent from above,
And shed abroad in me!

ODE TO A STREAMLET

Flow softly to thine ocean home,
Thou streamlet of the wild,
Through every scene where thou dost roam—
A line of beauty undefiled!

The mellow music of thy flow,
Falls sweetly on the ear,
Like echoes from the long-ago,
In tones we love to hear.

I love to watch the silvery sheen,
That sparkles on thy breast;
Absorbed in this delightful scene,
By charms so richly blest.

A dreamy hush, that breathes of peace,
Pervades the fragrant air,
Where all the sounds of turmoil cease,
And hushed is every care.

Flow on, Flow on, thou glad sweet stream!
Thy rippling notes are sweet;
Flow softly as a fairy's dream,
Through many a lone retreat!

And may the One who rules above,
And marks thy path for thee,
Toward the ocean of His love,
Direct my course for me.

VAIN AMBITIONS

Hope weaves her visions in the land of dreams,
And Fancy many a glowing scene portrays,
Where all the view with radiant beauty teems,
And life flows on through cloudless summer days,

But earth-born glories, here so highly prized,
And by too many souls unwisely sought,
When, to the fullest measure realized,
May not be worth the effort or the thought,

Yet vain imaginations rise and soar,
Till speculative Reason, big with pride,
Assumes to face and solve forevermore,
Life's problems here, and on the other side.

And lofty aspirations fill the breast,
Where love of fame inspires the heart with zeal,
Still coveting ambitiously the best,
Through secret pride it cannot well conceal,

Where love of truth and right are not supreme,
Our selfish motives will the soul deceive,
And mar the brief success of every scheme,
That our self-seeking may, in time, achieve.

Then what are all of Hope's bright visions worth?
Or Fancy's most alluring dreams to-day,
If they but center in the things of earth,
Whose fairest charms soon perish and decay?

In hope of what the future may disclose,
Let's wait the coming of life's fuller day,
While thankful here, for all that Love bestows,
Of transient good, dispersed along the way,

Those pleasing foretastes of the joys to come—
Sweet types and shadows of eternal things,
That point to that far-off celestial home,
We hope to reach on Faith's triumphant wings,

For all that's bright and beautiful below,
Is but the faint and fair reflection caught,
From realms of light, whose beams of splendor throw,
Their radiance on a world by sin distraught.

Till we behold beyond this vale of time
Eternal glories that to faith unfold;
The fadeless beauties of that heavenly clime—
The towering mansions and the streets of gold.

HEART LONGINGS

O God, how can I speak the things I feel?
Or with what language tell,
The longings of my soul—so deep, so real,
Yet inexpressible?

Lord of my life! Eternal Christ, beloved!
My being yearns for Thee!
Thou wilt not hear my heart's appeal unmoved,
Nor turn away from me!

O Thou great Lord of Lords! I worship Thee!
My Saviour, Priest and King!
And gladly own thy gracious sovereignty,
While I my homage bring.

O Jesus! Jesus! Thou exalted one!
To whom all praise is due;
Thou who doth deign a worm to look upon,
My faith in Thee renew!

The worship of my heart to Thee is known—
Each thought that stirs my breast;
With every secret tear, and unvoiced groan,
And pleading unexpressed.

Assured that Thou art pleading now,
For creatures such as I;
In deep contrition at Thy feet I bow,
And "All unworthy," cry!

'Tis not that I possess Thee not, my Lord,
That I my state bemoan,
Or that my heart doth not with Thine accord;
For I am all Thine own.

But I'm so weak, and Thou so very strong,
My weakness I deplore;
So high Thou art, and I so low—I long,
To know Thee more and more.

I know Thee well, but better would I know,
The one I love so well,
And with increasing light and knowledge grow,
Beyond what words can tell.

O Thou—so fair, so far; and yet so near—
I wish Thee nearer still;
And love Thee with a burning love, where fear,
No longer clouds Thy will.

Thy wisdom, Lord, my needy spirit craves,
For I have none to boast,
But helpless, lean upon Thy power which saves,
Unto the uttermost.

It is Thy Spirit that within me pleads—
I know it is not me,
Unaided by Thy grace, which gently leads
Me ever on to Thee,

Where love must bind Thee to my aching heart,
Which throbs with tender pain,
And will not from Thy wounded side depart—
Thou Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

My clinging soul, insatiate longs for Thee—
Sweet bridegroom of my heart!
And fain would dwell in Love's captivity,
And prove how dear Thou art.

When shall mine eyes behold Thy beauteous face—
Love's crowning vision see?
And Thy effulgent glory share and trace,
Through all eternity?

OPERATIONS OF THE SPIRIT

My soul is deeply exercised,
By some sweet, hallowed power, unseen,
On which with confidence I lean,
Since faith its source hath recognized.

A pleasing pressure—so intense—
The burdened heart must sing or weep,
Or hide within the silent deep
Of God's great, strong Omnipotence.

Such measure of divine distress,
Is by the Spirit's presence wrought,
I feel an awe, too deep for thought;
A prayer, no language can express.

But where my feeble nature fails,
God gives a medium of His own
By which I freely can make known,
The power that in my life prevails.

Contented in His will I lie;
Passive and pliant in His hands,
Through grace no being understands,
Who is not willing thus to die.

Whatever He permits, or brings,
With gratitude I now accept;
Well pleased to know His will, while kept,
Through grace, unmoved by outward things.

For well I know it is the Lord,
Whose welcome, though mysterious power,
Pervades my soul, and every hour,
Makes all my life with love accord.

And in this blest captivity,
I long for more of that great love,
That rules the faultless spheres above,
To rule forevermore in me.

SOME DAY

These throbbing hearts will cease to beat;
These toil-worn brains be still;
And soon shall rest these weary feet,
And tired hands that wrought our will,

The sun will shine when we are gone,
As bright, o'er woodland, mount and lea;
And purling streams laugh lightly on,
Their shining pathway to the sea,

The birds their happy songs will sing
As blithely as they sang before,
And with the glad return of spring,
The fragrant flowers will bloom once more,

Nor will the world our presence miss—
For in its thought we have no share;
And only those who stoop to kiss
A last farewell, will ever care,

When we have passed from off life's stage,
And gone the way of all the earth;
And closed for aye is each sad page,
That marked our short career since birth.

But He who notes the sparrow's fall,
Will hold us ever in His thought,
And manifest His care, o'er all,
Whom Christ's redeeming blood hath bought.

PRESENT REALIZATION

How blessed to walk within this vale,
With heart attuned to praise!
Where love, and joy, and peace prevail,
Through choosing wisdom's ways.

That power which Thou alone canst give
Amid the conflict and the strife,
Lord, grant to me, that I may live,
A calm, victorious life,

Like Jesus, with the Spirit filled,
Let it, to-day, be even so;
And break the powers, that work, self-willed,
To check Thy Spirit's flow.

Through love that gives to life a charm,
And holy joy that beautifies;
Where Satan's darts can never harm,
Nor sudden fears surprise.

Whatever gifts for me Thou hast,
With gratitude, from Thee I take,
To humbly use them, to the last,
Just for Thy glory's sake,

That I to this vain world may prove
What Thou for mortals here canst do,
Through that true faith, that works by love,
And bears us conqueror through.

Thy will be done forevermore!
And evermore with joy shall be,
The glad amen, my life shall pour,
Through all eternity!

THE DAY OF POWER

O Lord, in these eventful days,
Cause us, through grace, to stand,
(By love constrained, in all our ways,)
A true and faithful band,
To spread Thy truth, and sound Thy praise,
With tongues of fire, through every land!

The conflict in the heavenlies,
Is waxing fierce and keen,
And we have need, in times like these,
On Thy strong arm to lean,
And fight the fight of faith, and seize,
The scepter from the powers unseen.

"We wrestle not with flesh and blood,"
But with a hidden foe,
Whose hosts confront us like a flood,
Our ranks to overthrow;
And though they long have truth withstood,
They soon shall meet their final blow,

For since the Spirit is outpoured,
Upon the true and tried,
We may, with armour, shield and sword,—
Which Jesus doth provide—
Go forth to face the demon horde,
And turn their fiery darts aside.

This is the day of power foretold,
When we should willing be;
Through love divine, made meekly bold,
To stand for liberty,
And every truth of God uphold,
He sent to make His children free.

We need the utmost grace and power,
We here on earth can know,
To meet the forces of the hour,
Which more defiant grow;
And welcome each refreshing shower,
That doth from God's sweet presence flow.

"Blind, leaders of the blind," may seek,
To stay the power of God,—
Restrain the Spirit in the meek,
And unbelief applaud;
Denying saints the right to speak,
About the way the fathers trod.

But God will vindicate His truth,
Through channels of His choice,
And pass the wise, to reach some youth,
And make of him a voice,
To bear the messages, forsooth,
That will the meek of earth rejoice.

O Lord, baptize us, through and through!
That all Thy saints may prove,
The "Promise of the Father" true—
And grounded in His love,
May speak with tongues, divinely new,
A language from the world above.

That all may know that God designs,
(Though men and demons rage,)
To follow still, His word by signs,
And seal the sacred page,
Ere faith—which now so feebly shines,—
Dies out in this degenerate age.

THE SPIRIT'S CALL

We hear the glad sound of abundance of rain,
It's falling all over the land,
And God to the faithful is making it plain,
That Jesus, the Saviour, is coming again;
And His coming is closely at hand.

CHORUS:

Be ready! Be ready! The hour is at hand!
Proclaim the glad tidings abroad;
The Spirit is calling the blood-sprinkled band
To their home in the Kingdom of God.

The latter-rain showers are being outpoured,
According to promise abroad;
The gifts of the Spirit are being restored,
And signs are confirming the truth of the word,
Revealing the presence of God.

Step out in the light, and get under the shower,
And wait for the Spirit to fall,
And bring to your life the enduement of power,
That keeps 'mid the conflict, prepared for the hour,
When Christ for the ransomed shall call,

Be ready! Be ready! The warning repeat!
The world this last message must hear;
And soon, in the rapture, the faithful shall meet,
In glorified bodies, to bow at the feet,
Of Him whom the angels revere.

THE WAIL SONG

'Tis the wail-song of the Spirit,
Through the bleeding heart of love,
With its plaintive, pleading music,
Like the wooing of a dove,

Mingled notes of joy and sadness—
With a tear in every tone;
Mourning for the absent bridegroom;
Longing ever for its own.

O, the sweet and hallowed measure
Of that mellow, burdened strain!
From a heart made truly tender
Through the sweetness of its pain,

Let the heaven-born, mystic music,
Bear its message to the soul,
As it speaks of Him who suffered,
To redeem and make us whole.

THE PRESENT NEED

God is a quickening Spirit, and His life,
Must flow, full-tide, through ours,
If we be strengthened in the coming strife,
To cope with evil powers,

With His divine vitality, made real,
We cannot but be strong,
And drinking at the fount of life, may feel,
We thus our lives prolong.

Where ills no more our beings can molest,
Because of life within,
And spirit, soul, and body share, a rest
From sickness fear and sin,

This power we needs must have, at any price,—
Fresh from the glory-throne;
Nor will the methods of the past suffice
God's purpose to make known.

New light upon the word of wisdom shines,
And visions now unfold,
Pertaining to His will, on countless lines,
Not seen in days of old,

The "mystery of iniquity," which works,
By few as yet perceived,
In every corner of creation lurks,
While millions are deceived,

Is being by the Spirit now exposed,
As never in the past;
And every subtle scheme, to truth opposed,
Is recognized at last.

But fuller knowledge of these hidden things,
Reveals to us our need,
Of that close fellowship, which brings,
The power for which we plead.

And for divine equipments, still we wait—
Gifts, graces, power and light—
Wherewith to press the battle to the gate,
Contending for the right.

NEW THOUGHT (So called)

No true thought, is new thought!
No new thought is true!
Truth is not what you thought,
Though you thought you knew!

If guessing were knowing,
Then you might be right,
A blessing bestowing,
With your fuller (?) light.

But truth is not captured,
And caged in the mind,
By souls self-enraptured—
However refined,

Unwisely attracted,
Toward errors recast,
Which minds have extracted
From lore of the past;

You've seized on the fleeting,
And perishing good;
The old things repeating,—
Not half understood.

And when all by you wrought,
Is tried in Truth's scale,
The "New Thought" by you taught
Will nothing avail.

HUMAN NATURE

We magnify the virtues we possess ;
Our faults deny, or else condone,
And hope by this to make life's burdens less,
And hide the facts we fear to own,

For life is measured by the things we love,
And not alone by what we do ;
And nature will assert itself, and prove,
That what we love we will pursue,

And few, alas ! the loftier summits scale—
Contented with the things they see—
They cannot in the march of life prevail,
Nor be what every soul should be.

But tread a low, mean plane of action here,
Which marks them thoughtless and unwise,
When truth hath made the path of duty clear,
That leads unerring to the skies.

A WISE CHOICE

If Thou art not in all I do or say,
Lord, keep me still !
Have Thou, in me, Thy perfect way,
And Thy blessed will,
In me fulfill,
Forevermore, I pray !

What is to me, my Lord, the world's applause,
 If Thou art grieved?
This path of light I choose, because,
 I have received,
 Since I believed,
A reverence for Thy laws,

But when I make Thine own best purpose mine,
 I seem to fail
Of that deep trust, for which I pine,
 And much bewail,
 A love so frail—
That falls far short of Thine.

The utmost Thou for fallen man canst do
 This side the grave,
I plead, with highest end in view,
 And ever crave,
 As Thy bond-slave,
That Thou wouldst keep me true.

HUMAN LIMITATIONS

The ever widening spheres of thought,
 Within the human scope,
Are still with limitations fraught,
 And here, as yet, we grope,

The most extended view of things,
 The wisest seem to get,
But meagre satisfaction brings,
 With much of vain regret.

So circumscribed and weak are we ;
 So dull, and void of good,
We cannot by our efforts be,
 Or do, the thing we would,

And yet how confident men feel,
 In voicing forth their dreams ;
So close the likeness to the real,
 The spurious sometimes seems,

And what strange verdicts they will reach
 In their unguarded thought,
And vain delusions, hold and teach,
 When by the Lord untaught.

THE OLD AND NEW

Some good old things are ever new,
 And some old things are dead ;
While some new things are good and true,
 Some ne'er to truth were wed,

The new thing may not be the best,
 However strong its claim ;
And that which will not stand the test,
 Is only good in name.

Eternal things alone are good—
 Forever good and true,
Though least desired and understood,
 Save by the earnest few.

And since some things must pass away,
We now should seek to know,
The new thing God requires to-day,
And let the old things go.

"Behold! a new thing will I do!"
Thus doth the Lord declare;
And we'll accept both old and new
If heaven's stamp they bear.

THE EARTH

On, through space, for ages whirled,
O'er Time's unfathomed sea;
Round rolls the heavy-freighted world,
With strange monotony.

Unconscious of the load it bears,
Since first its course began,
It moves, oblivious of the cares,
That press the heart of man,

With discontented millions filled;
Who throng, and press and strive
To cope with others better skilled—
More fitted to survive.

And while the cycling ages swing,
This ever needs must be,
Till Christ shall come, and coming, bring,
The year of Jubilee.

WITHOUT EXCUSE

“Man errs through lack of knowledge, not of will;”
So say the dupes, in schools of folly taught—
False minds, who fain would make a god of Thought,
And worship Reason—dreaming still,
That from the human brain alone doth flow,
All light and power that man hath need to know,
His highest mission to fulfill.

But failing yet to pierce life's mysteries through,
They falsely reason that he needs must be
From all responsibility set free,
His own vague fancies to pursue;
When his ambitious pride is at the root,
Of all contentious strife and vain dispute,
Which hold him from the good and true.

Knowledge is good—a fact that all maintain;
And search where'er you will, you'll never meet,
A man devoid of learning, deemed complete—
But as a Saviour, it is vain;
And we, for needed light and help, must fly,
To One who is all wise—to God, Most High,—
Life's fullest meaning to explain.

NOT YET!

Thou white-winged watcher at the gates of death,
Delay thy summons for awhile!
While soft winds fan me with their gentle breath,
And Nature wears a radiant smile,
And life seems like a summer day—
O, gentle watcher, call me not away!

THE OUTCAST

Fierce was the wild wind's chilly blast,
Toward the day's decline;
And many a threatening cloud o'ercast,
The summits crowned with pine.

The once green hills, and verdant grove,
Were mantled o'er with snow;
Dark was the leaden sky above;
And dull the plain below,

When o'er the wild moor, bare and bleak,
A solitary figure strode,
With feeble step, and pallid cheek,
Beneath a heavy load.

Turned from her childhood's home, away,
To face the world alone;
A stranger in the earth to-day,
Rejected by her own.

Sad years had flown, since last she stood,
So graceful, sweet and tall;
The pure, the beautiful and good—
Beloved and sought by all,

Now spurned, through a relentless pride,
By those who gave her birth,
She turns, once more to wander wide,
O'er this unfriendly earth,

O, heartless world of sin and shame!
And sorrow, wrought by sin;
What countless wrongs of every name,
Each day doth usher in!

Yet mark how sinners well effect,
Those forms of sin to hate,
Which they, through feigned self-respect,
Will not commiserate.

OUR HEAVENLY HOME

While skeptic minds, in darkness grope,
Where reason bars the door of hope
To realms of light supernal,
In vain must they attempt to cope,
With things beyond their mental scope—
Celestial and eternal.

If our brief sojourn here below,
Holds all that we can have, or know,
This life's a vain delusion;
And like the friends of long ago,
We, too, must pass where ages flow
Forever in confusion.

But 'tis not true that we must die,
And find no happier bye-and-bye,
Prepared for weary mortals,
To which unfettered souls may fly,
And reach Love's throne, beyond the sky,
Within the pearly portals.

For there's a sphere unknown to crime,
Where visions bright, and joys sublime,
 Await the heirs of glory;
Who, heedless of the flight of time,
Forever, in that deathless clime,
 Shall sing redemption's story.

Secure at once—ere falls the night—
A passport to that land of light,
 By grace so freely given;
That we, with garments spotless white,
May reign with Him who won the right,
 To rule both earth and heaven.

Who, in a fairer land than this,
Pepares a home of endless bliss,
 Which faith may now discover;
But oh! how sad t'would be to miss
That longed-for shore, and welcome kiss,
 When this short life is over!

A CHARMING VIEW

I climbed the steep and rocky slope to-day,
 Where, fanned by airs serene,
I gazed toward the blue hills, far away,
 O'er vales that lay between,
 And thought, How beautiful!

The steamlet trickled through the shady glen.
 Where mountain laurels grew,
And beauty gilded all the landscape, when
 The sun poured on the view
 A flood of crimson splendor.

The sparkling river, like a silver thread,
Wound round the mountain's base,
While softly-variegated clouds, o'erhead,
Serenely hung in space,
In fleecy folds of beauty.

The deep, long shadows, o'er the scene,
In dreamy silence fell,
And lent, with every touch of deepening green,
A charm unspeakable,—
Entrancing to the vision.

How blest in such a wondrous world as this,
Would be our sojourn here,
Had sin not left its black, defiling kiss,
On all we hold most dear,
And marred the face of nature?

But God its pristine beauty will restore,
And break the power of wrong,
Till every tongue shall sing, from shore to shore,
Love's glad, triumphant song,
When Christ returns in glory.

TO A LITTLE FRIEND

O, happy soul, indwelt by love!
Where warm emotions lightly move,
And purest fancies play;
Whate'er the coming years, to thee may bring,
May thy glad spirit ever sing,
As sweetly as to-day.

MY RESTING PLACE

Be still, my soul! and rest thee here,
In Love's divine retreat!
Where doubts dull shadows disappear,
And truth and beauty meet!

A resting place prepared for souls,
Who choose the "better part",
Where God's sweet will alone controls,
And dominates the heart.

A refuge and a hiding-tower,
All harm and fear above,
Where faith is strengthened by the power
Of His unfailing love.

A care-dispelling calm, unknown
In any former state,
Which fills with peace the breast once prone,
To weep disconsolate.

Hid in Thy safe pavilion, Lord!
I love what Love decrees,
And daily sing in sweet accord,
With her blest harmonies,

Protected from the tempter's might,
And kept through grace divine,
How soul-refreshing, day and night,
Is this sweet rest of mine?

THE BEAUTIES OF EARTH AND HEAVEN

In gazing all enraptured,
 How oft I've longed to be
Endowed with skill to picture,
 A sunset on the sea,

A gorgeous glow of crimson;
 Where purple, green and gold,
In rich profusion blending,
 Their brilliancies unfold.

But visions so entrancing,
 (Like splendors of the night)
Transcend the power of mortals,
 To picture them aright,

Those faint, but fair reflections,
 Flashed from the other shore,
Where God's divine perfections,
 Shine out forevermore.

Yet if He deigns in nature,
 (On canvas of the sky)
To trace such scenes of splendor,
 To please the human eye,

How great the towering grandeur,
 Of those we may not view,
Till called to bask in glory,
 Beyond the veil of blue!

Where untold, matchless marvels,
 Their radiant charms display,
In forms of rapturous beauty,
 Most wondrous to survey,
And while God floods creation,
 With music everywhere,
And crowds the earth with odors,
 That freight the summer air,
We know through the eternal,
 Sublimar notes shall ring;
Surpassing in their sweetness,
 The songs that mortals sing,
And may it be our portion,
 Upon some favored day,
To share those untold glories,
 That never pass away,
In realms whose airs are laden,
 With fragrance all divine,
Distilled in bowers celestial,
 Across the border-line.

BY-GONE DAYS

Fond memory loves to wander o'er,
 The old familiar ways,
Till all the soul goes out once more,
 To those departed days,
When we were young, and life was new,
 And all the world seemed fair;
And every heart we loved was true,
 And friendship banished care,

And pondering o'er those by-gone scenes,
Whose sweetness failed to last,
The memory still, through fancy gleams,
Some fragments of the past;
For we the border-line have crossed,
To former days so dear;
In pleasing contemplation lost,
To our surroundings here,

And wrapped in sacred quietude,
In which we love to dwell,
These visions of the past intrude—
And yielding to their spell,
Such tender thoughts flood heart and brain,
For quiet joy we weep,
Yet feel that in such hours we gain,
Some things we cannot keep.

LIFE MORE THAN A DREAM

Down from the home of the beautiful;
A voice from the great sublime,
Now calls to the dull, undutiful
That sleep by the river of time,

Who weave all the dreams they are dreaming,
From thoughts that are borne on the wind,
While trusting the vague and the seeming,
To nurture the heart and the mind,

No future mishaps are they dreading;
Believing, through sunshine and gloom,
On paths they are listlessly treading,
That roses forever must bloom.

But thorns may the roses outnumber,
And prospects dissolve in an hour,
While wrapped in their indolent slumber,
They dream of an infinite power,

And catch in such moments a vision,
Of all that their beings require,
Yet waking within no decision,
To strive for the good they desire.

Let life which we now fondly cherish,
Be more than a dream or a rhyme;
Lest we, with the millions should perish,
That sleep by the river of time.

THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE

Go down by the sea, where the broad billows break,
And ask, them the reason they sigh;
And bring me, I pray you, what answer they make,
If they will but deign to reply.

Step out in the morn, when all nature's aglow,
And dressed in the verdure of spring,
And talk with the flowers of their mission below;
And ask the sweet birds why they sing.

Go gaze on the stars, when the night is all fair,
And ask them the reason they shine,
And seek to discover if aught they declare,
To such a strange question as thine,

But they sigh and they sing and they laugh and they grow
Without either effort or art;
And He who hath made them their secret doth know,
And we may interpret in part,

For the world with a musical medley teems,
If we could but read it aright,
As it sighs in the trees, and laughs in the streams,
And sings in the stars of the night.

All nature is vocal with voices that sing,
In language both tender and strong,
And while through the ages the melodies ring,
The earth will be blest with a song,

But dull are the ears that have listened so long,
To the din of the world's busy mart,
While borne on the tide, with the struggling throng,
Where God is shut out from the heart.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT

I miss thee in the days of Spring,
When nature's sweets are born,
And all her choirs exultant sing,
Their welcome to the morn,

And in the long, bright sunny days,
When through the rip'ning grain,
The odorous breath of Summer plays—
I long for thee in vain,

And through the warm, dull afternoons,
When honey-laden bees,
Hum out their drowsy little tunes,
In concert with the breeze,

And when the evening shadows creep,
Like phantoms through my room,
With heavy heart I sit and weep,
Amid the gathering gloom,

But when the darkness veils the bowers,
Thine absence greater seems :
I miss thy presence in such hours,
And seek thee in my dreams.

I miss thee in the Autumn, too,
When golden hazes hang
Their banners o'er the waters blue,
Where late the reed-bird sang.

But most I miss thee in those days,
When, 'neath a leaden sky,
The bleak winds blow adown the ways,
Where dead leaves scattered lie,

And through the dark, dull, wintry hours,
When faint the sunlight gleams ;
When frosts have nipped the lingering flowers ;
And locked the running streams ;

Nor is there season, time or place ;
Nor pleasing scene, but brings
A vision of that baby face,
To which my memory clings.

Thou comest not back, through all the years,
Nor can I go to thee;
But sit and call thee through my tears,
Till time shall set me free.

But no complaint shall fill my heart,
Although I weep alone;
For thou art happier where thou art—
And thou art still my own.

And I shall meet thee in those spheres,
Beyond the jasper wall,
And share the bliss of endless years,
Where shadows never fall.

PATIENT IN SUFFERING

My soul is in touch with the world of pain;
With the hearts that bleed, yet never complain,
Though they suffer slight, and the world's disdain,
Because of the name they bear—
Of the One they love, and to whom they cling;
Whose life they live and whose praise they sing,
While holding the truth, as a sacred thing,
Made real through the power of prayer,

And blessed with a strength that is never shared,
By the thoughtless souls who are unprepared,
To patiently follow the life declared
Must be lived by faith alone;
They take the path that the blood defines,
And, no matter how hard and rough the lines,
They press their way where the love-light shines
Direct to the glory-throne.

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